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THE CURRENT STATE OF SEX

A guide to the B Cult:

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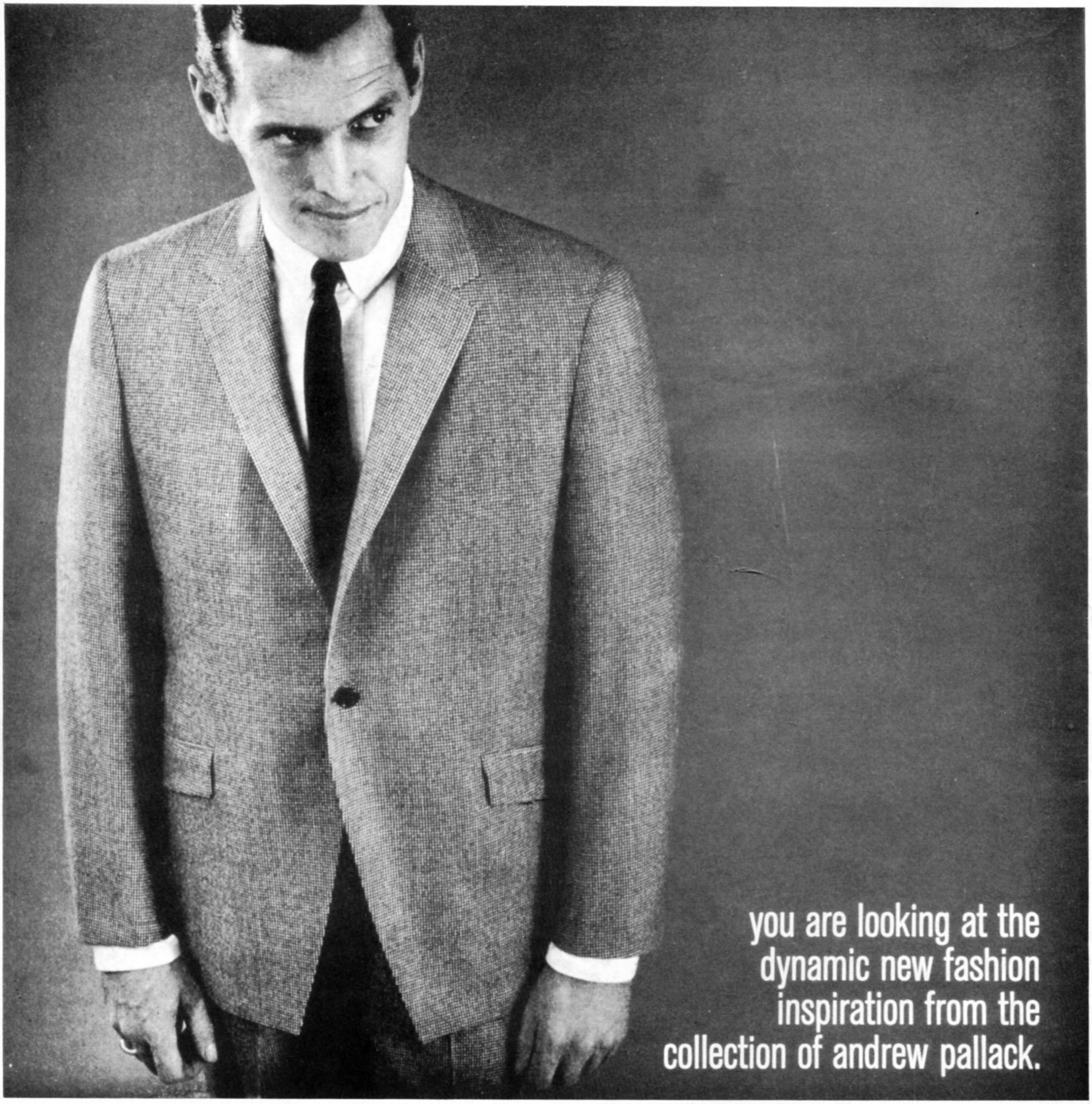

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Pete Riley **PUBLISHER**
Pete McCurtin **EDITOR**
Alex Sanchez **ART DIRECTOR**
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J. W. Fitzsimmons **ASSOCIATE EDITOR**
Carveth Kramer **ASST. ART DIRECTOR**
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Dave Brenner **PRODUCTION MANAGER**

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JAZZ FROM EUROPE

DISCS 'N' DATA

By MIRIAM BENEDICT

Importing jazz from Europe would seem to be sending traffic the wrong way, if it weren't for the fact that some musicians on the other side of the Atlantic have made some valuable contributions to this very American commodity. Like the bossa nova which came in a couple of years ago from Brazil, some of the ideas from other shores provide a welcome enrichment to the still-growing body of jazz.

One of the first Europeans to evolve his own jazz style, and certainly the first to influence his contemporaries in America, was the Belgian gypsy Django Reinhardt. There has been a lot of debate as to just what place he has taken in the history of jazz, but there is no doubt whatever that he was a genuine influence. Certainly he has been a lasting one. Even though he died in 1953, his innovations, experiments and techniques go steadily on. If anything, there has been something of an increase lately in the Django influence.

For instance, he took up the art of transposing classical music, exactly as written, into jazz rhythms, long before it became popular. The liner notes of PLAY BACH JAZZ, VOL. 1 (London PS 287, $3.98) pay graceful tribute to Django's originality in this field. The record itself is an even better tribute. The Jacques Loussier Trio have uncovered what unfortunately too many musicians have missed: a genuine humor in the works of Johann Sebastian Bach. That is, they play the notes exactly as the master wrote them; the rhythm, of course, is transposed. But the music itself has always been very human, despite its classic perfection; there is great warmth and feeling even in the most solemn compositions, and it is this the trio are adept at conveying. In Volume 1 (there are three) they have taken a series of preludes, toccatas and fugues, and given them light, delicate swathings of jazz rhythms. Nothing more is needed. The music is so perfect that it falls easily into place in the reading the three young Parisians give it. Besides Loussier on piano, there are Pierre Michelot on bass and Christian Garros on drums.

Django himself is heard in a new recording issued by Capitol in its Dimensions in Jazz series. This one is called DJANGO REINHARDT AND THE QUINTET OF THE HOT CLUB OF FRANCE (Capitol T 2045 $3.98) and is interesting not only as history but as music. As these repressings of the old original French recordings attest, Django was without peer in his own time as a jazz guitarist, and is unique even today. The genuine gypsy strain comes through, again and again; a haunting, evocative sort of thing that is not quite jazz, not quite gypsy, and something that belongs to a world of its own. The Hot Club Quintet, as any sensitive musicians would be, were greatly influenced, at least when they cut these tracks, by the very individual Reinhardt technique. Certainly there will never be another combination like this. European hot jazz of the nineteen-forties was in a class by itself, but it still finds echoes, here and there, in today's experimental moods. And, regardless of the influences of an era, Django's guitar was that of a master.

Also from Paris comes another kind of news; the renascence of Dexter Gordon. The tenor sax man from California was an important player from way back in the forties, and in the early fifties influenced such avant-garde people as John Coltrane and Sonny Rollins. Then he sort of ebbed away. He's been in Europe for the past few years; first in London, now in Paris, where he's teamed up with a couple of other expatriates, pianist Bud Powell and drummer Kenny Clark, to produce an album called OUR MAN IN PARIS (Blue Note 4146 $4.98). Pierre Michelot is also in this one. There seems to be a mellowing influence in the Parisian environment, if this album is any example. Gordon sounds much warmer than he used to; perhaps he's just more sure of himself. He improvises as well as, if not better than, he used to, and he doesn't seem to have to reach as far for effects. The whole album has a terrific solidity underneath its air of casual improvisation.

From South Africa by way of Switzerland comes the Dollar Brand Trio, heard in DUKE ELLINGTON PRE-

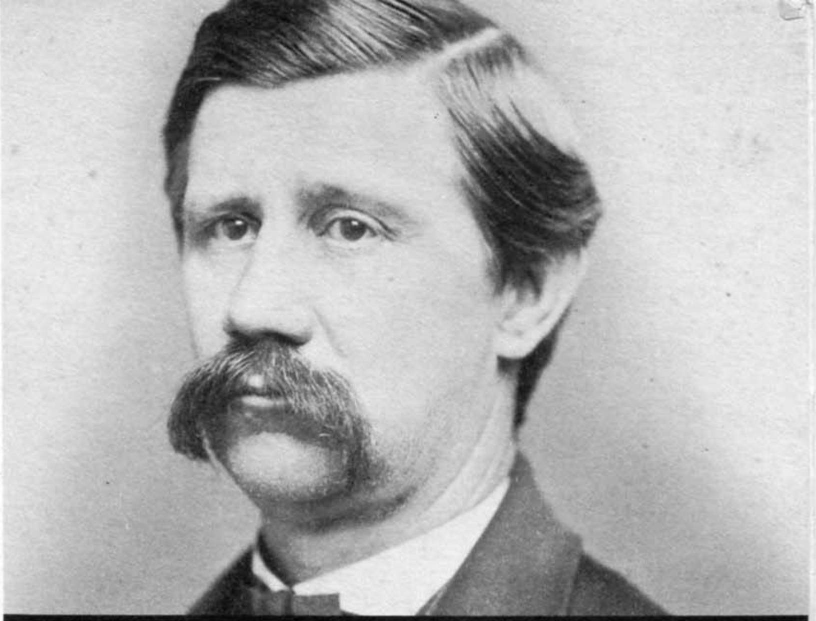
SENTS THE DOLLAR BRAND TRIO (Reprise R-6111, $3.98). The music is highly intense, almost growling; it's like feeling stripped to fundamentals. It's not the kind that will win instant popularity, but there's no doubt that it is honestly conceived. It takes a lot of listening, and those who like it are going to like it tremendously. All the selections are original compositions by Dollar Brand; they give hints that he may evolve into a highly skilled stylist.

Germany sends Klaus Doldinger on DIG DOLDINGER (Philips PHM 200-125 $3.98) to serve up a brand of Jazz that at its best is swinging despite the fact that some of it comes from the organ. Doldinger himself plays the tenor sax with great rhythmic drive that nicely counterpoints the sometimes schmaltzy arrangements. The Quartet is remarkably cohesive; there is never any feeling that one musician is about to take off at the expense of another. There is, after listening awhile, a comfortable feeling of knowing what to expect; even a track called, simply, "Be-Bop" has been shaped to their particular vein. Three of the compositions are originals by Doldinger, and for some reason the group seem able to do more with these than any of the others. A word should be said about Infried Hoffman, the organist: his touch on the instrument is certainly the lightest and swiftest this corner has heard on any jazz organ.

VIVE LA FRANCE! VIVE LE JAZZ! VIVE SOLAL! (Capitol ST 10354 $4.98) is a reissue of an album formerly titled, simply, Martial Solal. Capitol could have left it that way, because surely the name of Martial Solal is enough to sell any disc. The Algerian pianist is an original, he plays the way he feels like playing, and if he's a little erratic, he's also much talented. Solal is capable of taking such old familiars as "Anything Goes," "Darn That Dream," "Flamingo" and making them sound like something he dreamed up that very moment. He is obviously influenced by Thelonius Monk, which is the best influence to have, but he is always triumphantly himself. Undoubtedly living in Paris has much to do with his individuality in jazz because, despite his virtuosity, the soft Parisian influence makes itself felt in everything he plays.

What Paris does to her residents is evident in BUD POWELL IN PARIS (Reprise R-6098 $3.98). Expatriate Powell was, in his homeland, one of the first and best of bop pianists, the idol of every young and learning pianist. Somebody so deeply imbued with that great movement isn't going to shake off its influence so easily, nor should he. Particularly a master like Powell. But he has apparently learned to relax into his own style, to be himself without any effort, to spend all his energy on the incredible harmonic patterns which enrich any composition he touches. The basic style, fortunately, hasn't changed; it's as valid as it ever was; but the ease in performance is a grateful thing.

Roland Kirk went to Copenhagen, found a Spanish pianist, a Scandinavian bassist, and a couple of Americans, and recorded KIRK IN COPENHAGEN (Mercury MG 20894 $3.98). The live performance at the Montmartre Jazzhus in Copenhagen shows what we've known all along — jazz is an international language. Practically everything in the album is original Kirk, but his international ensemble seem to know what he's talking about; they play with a fine verve. Some of the melodic passages are breathtaking. All in all, it's a fine hands-across-the-sea gesture in jazz.



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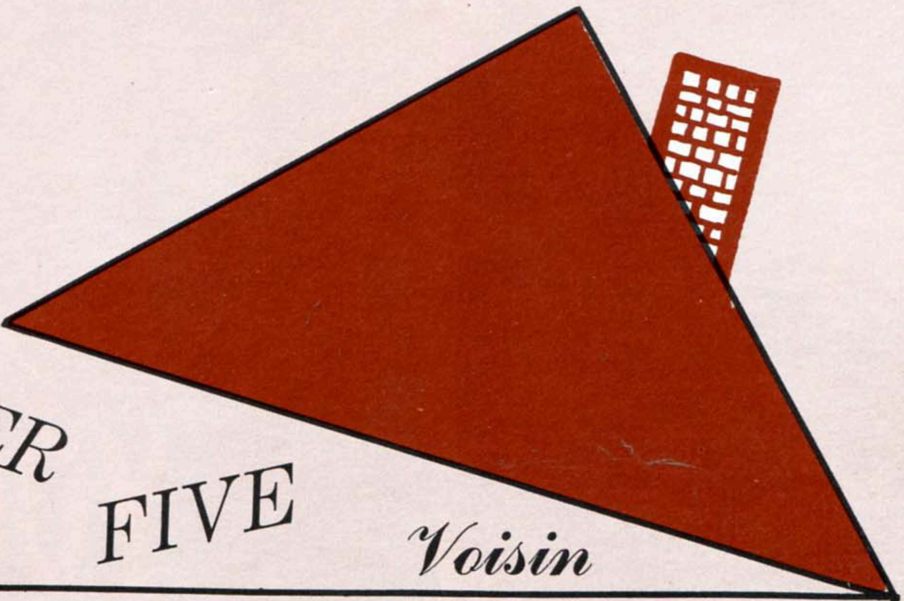
AFTER FIVE

Voisin



BY JACK DEVEREUX

One evening recently we dined with a French couple who love and understand good food and wine as only the French do. They assured us that their choice of restaurants would please us, and the second we heard the name we knew it would. For fifty years VOISIN has maintained an international reputation for the finest in gourmet dining and atmosphere. From the moment you walk into its appealing foyer furnished with French antiques the frantic hullabaloo of the streets outside drops away. As soon as Genevieve, the petite blond hat-check girl has greeted you with her "good evening, gentle-man," in a soft French accent, you know you've stepped into a bit of Paris in New York. Michel, who has greeted the greats of the world at VOISIN for over 20 years, checks your reservation and leads you to the elegant Wedgewood-Blue Room or suggests that you first have a cocktail in the oak-panelled bar. Old-world courtesy is the byword at VOISIN but the atmosphere is exciting. At any time of day you'll spot the top members of your profession enjoying the view of the city's — and the world's — loveliest society and career women chatting over the latest society ball or scandal. Yet the scenery does not overshadow the food. Each meal is like an aromatic painting. On our first visit we sampled wafer-thin *Prosciutto* ham with cool slices of melon as our hosts began with tangy pink Scottish salmon. Next course was *Filet de Boeuf Saute Bordelaise,* sliced filet mignon sauteed in butter on a chafing dish right beside our table. It's sauce was made of shallots, butter, red wine, fine chopped marrow and garnished with cool springs of parsley. One is not in a rush here; it would be an insult to the chef as well as to the digestion. While we waited for the dessert, which had been ordered upon our arrival, we refreshed ourselves with a crisp cool Endive salad. The aroma of the legendary dessert reached us first. A house specialty, the *Souffle Grand Marnier* is a hot puff of air tasting like a scented cloud perfumed with oranges. While we relaxed with our brandy we sat back to fully savor the memorable evening. We had enjoyed ourselves as we would have at a banquet in a distinguished Parisian home. VOISI N is at 30 East 65th Street.

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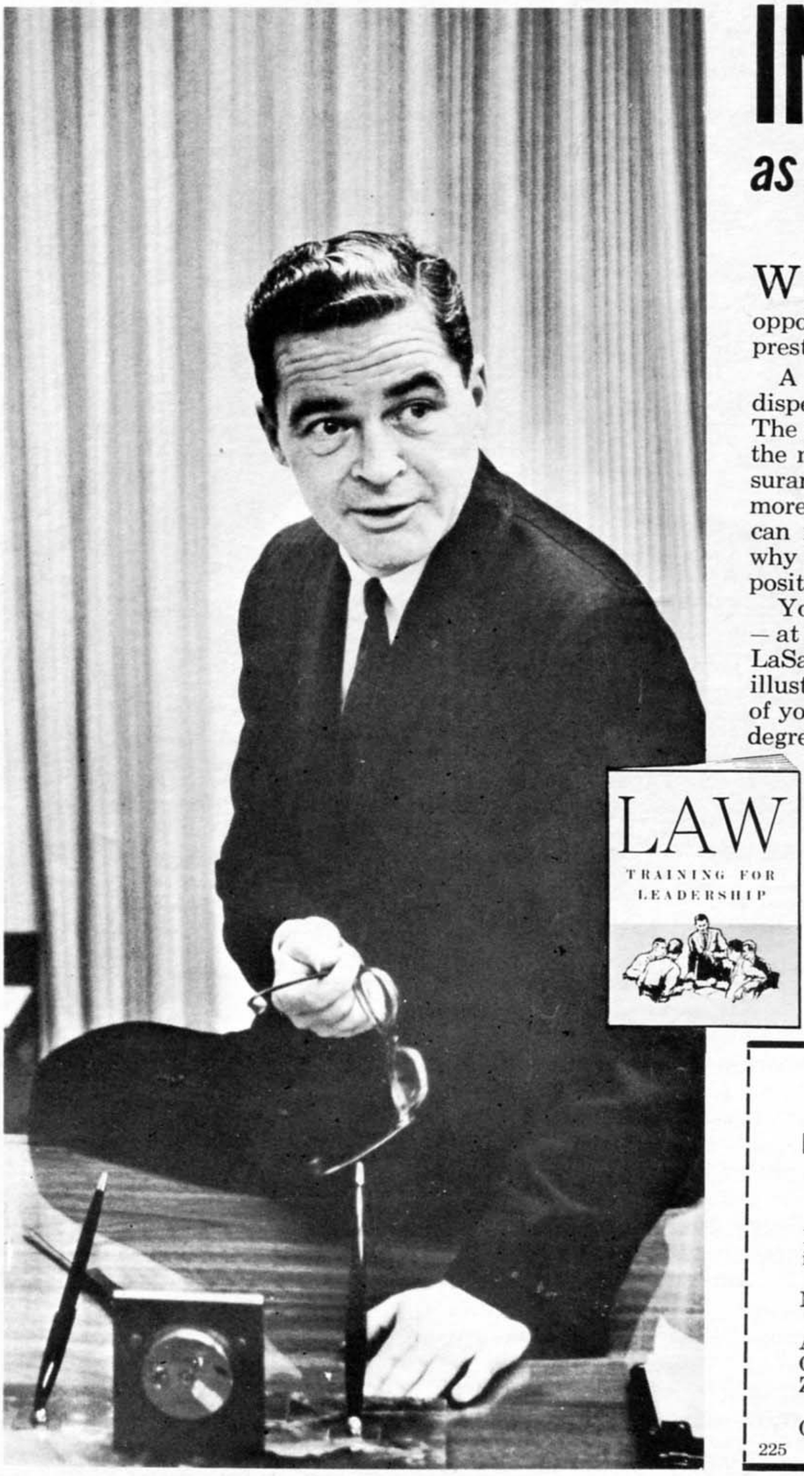

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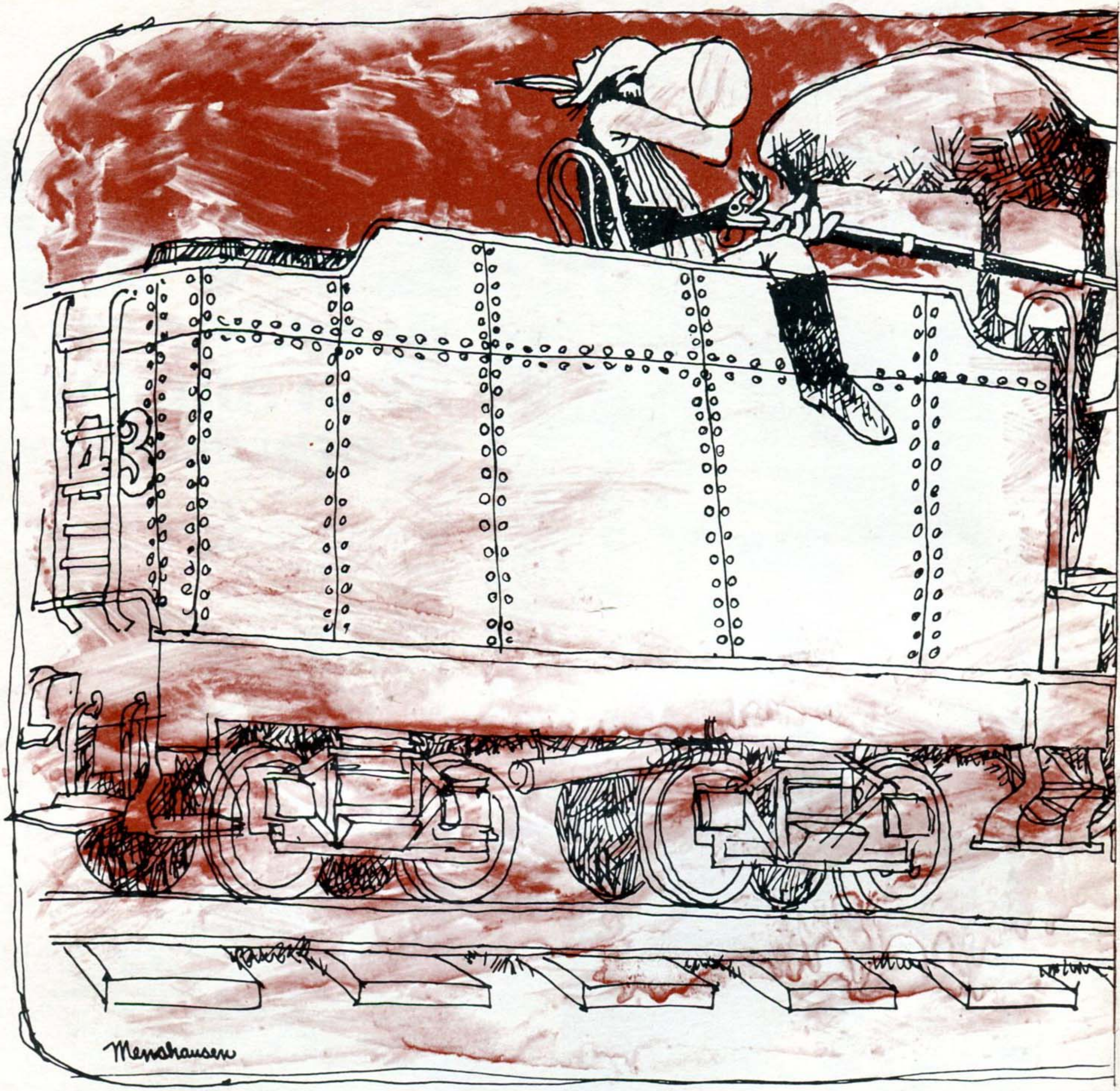


RUSTLERS ON THE PULLMAN

When Barry Cross called me to his office, I flinched. Six years as his number one coolie at Horrendous Pictures Inc. had made me West Coast flinching champ. People claimed they could hear me flinch two rooms away.

Somehow Barry always saved the gooey ones for me. In the studio directory I was listed under "Felonies." The only chores I'd never drawn were train robbery and tampering with the mails. Little did I know, when Barry buzzed that day, that both omissions would be rectified.

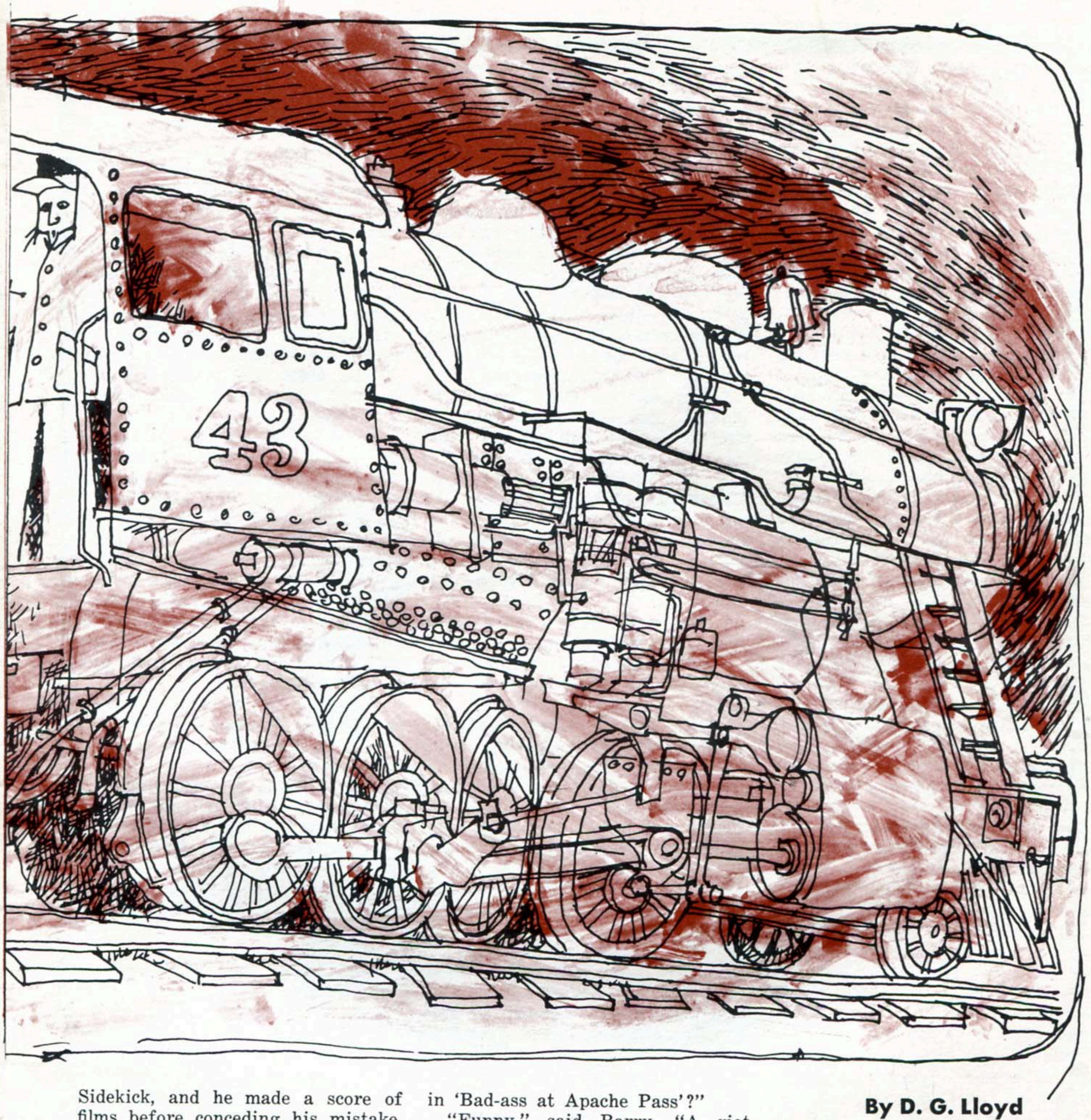
"Kid," said Barry, "we're in trouble."

"Strange," I said. "I had this feeling . . ."

He placed his feet, tastefully shod in beige suede, on the desk and squinted. "Did you ever see the Jed Bewcomb movies? 'Tombstone Tinhorns?' 'Scourge of the Badlands?' 'Riders of the —' "

He didn't have to list them. Though "Pappy" Bewcomb had preceded me at Horrendous, his name was legend. He was one of the truly great fiascoes of our time.

Barry had discovered Bewcomb in a mission house. He was shaggy, bearded, dirty, and perpetually drunk, but Barry recognized star quality. He saw him in the Gabby Hayes mold, as The Hero's Lovable



By D. G. Lloyd

WHEN JED BEWCOMB WAS LICKERED UP THE THINGS HE DID TO GIRLS AND OTHER PASSERS-BY WERE WILDER THAN ANYTHING THEY EVER FILMED IN THE WILDS OF GOWER GULCH . . .

Sidekick, and he made a score of films before conceding his mistake. Pappy Bewcomb was as lovable as a rabid swamp rat, and worse box office.

Yet, where had I heard his name again recently? I tuned Barry in, still listing:

"'—War Drums?' 'Sheriff of Abilene?' 'Cinnamon Shoot-Out' "

"Cimarron," I said.

"That's what I said: 'Cimarron Shoot-Out.' Did you see it? Did you see any of 'em?"

"I don't know," I said. "Was he in 'Bad-ass at Apache Pass'?"

"Funny," said Barry. "A riot. That's what I pay you? To come here that I tell you we're in trouble and make jokes?"

"Sorry," I said. "What about Pappy Bewcomb?"

"Only that he's suddenly red hot, is all. Only that he's worth maybe a gold mine."

"To whom? Is somebody offering a reward?"

"To *us*, shmuck! To us he's worth plenty." Barry took his feet down and spat in the waste basket. "That jerk in the East — what's his name, on TV — Mike Myles, is suddenly *discovering* Pappy Bewcomb. Discovering! This boozy bum, which I have spent a fortune trying to make him a star, goes on that show and is a sensation. Now everybody loves him. How do you like it?"

I was one of three or four people in America, just then, who didn't watch the Myles Show, but I got the picture. Mike Myles was a starmaker. A shot on his show could boost a has-been from obscurity to *Variety* overnight.

"What's the angle?"

"The angle," Barry said, standing up and leaning forward, "is that I right now have an offer for two hundred grand — two hun-dred thou-sand clams — for the TV rights to thirteen Pappy Bewcomb movies which never lost me anything but money."

"Swell," I said. "It follows." Westerns were very big on the boob tube then. Television was in its pre-med days. "How are we in trouble?"

Barry yanked a contract out of his desk and waved it at me, spraying paper clips like shrapnel. "Because of this paper," he shouted, "which says that clown owns final option on transfer of rights to his pictures. Which means if we can't make a deal with him, we got no deal at all!"

"Ah," I said. My corns began to ache, and I knew it didn't mean rain. "I see. Have you spoken to him?"

"On the phone," said Barry. "He wasn't like a blood brother, but he'll negotiate. He's coming out by train. No airline will have him."

"Un-huh," I said. "And you want me to meet him in L.A.?"

"Wrong! In New *York!* You'll fly east and ride back with him. You'll buy his drinks and light his cigarettes. You'll shine his shoes. You'll even shave him if you have to!"

And so, as it turned out, I did . . .

Grand Central Station should have been declared a disaster area the afternoon I met Pappy Bewcomb. At least a million kids were waiting to leave for camp — and I'm not given to exaggeration. The temperature was 400°, and everybody in the building was insane.

I picked up a paper, to see what was new. Nothing was. The Cubans had hijacked another plane. The Yankees were leading the American League. Liz and Eddie had found new meaning in life, because Their Love Had Made Them Strong. I used the paper to kill a fly, and looked around.

Over the tumult, suddenly, a chilling sound was borne to my ears. Have you ever heard a Comanche war whoop? Ever heard one in Grand Central? It does something to you.

I craned to see over the crowd. That was when I got my first glimpse of Pappy Bewcomb. It did something to me, too, something worse.

He was driving one of those mechanized baggage carts, piled high with suitcases. In one hand he held an antique squirrel rifle, menacing a red cap who was crouched atop the pile. With his elbow, Pappy steered a zig-zag pattern through the station. With his left hand he was swigging steadily on a large green jug.

"Make way for Wells Fargo!" he shouted, his beard whipping like Santa's. Women and children scattered. One portly gentleman, who did not yield smartly enough to Wells Fargo, was buffeted in the rear and sent careening into a cluster of fascinated cub scouts. "This is the gun that won the West," bellowed Pappy, brandishing his musket. "YAAAGH-HOO."

I closed my eyes and reviewed six lousy years at Horrendous Pictures. I wondered if I could find work in New York. I tallied unemployment checks.

"Death to the sheep herders!" screamed our hot property, taking a titanic swig from the jug. "This here's cattle country. Cut the fences! EEEE-YOWIE!"

At that point his Conestoga sideswiped the information booth and overturned. Pappy came up flailing, threw himself behind a stockade of luggage, and covered the terminal with his rifle.

"Make a circle of the wagons," he ordered the shaken red cap. "They won't attack till dark."

In this, as it happened, he was mistaken. They attacked promptly, "they" being a cordon of porters, cops, and red caps. They took him, but he looked like Audie Murphy while it lasted. He was amazingly agile for an old man. I personally saw him lower two goon-like porters and put one red cap into orbit. Divine Providence somehow prevented him from clobbering a cop. It was my only break that day.

Two hours and forty minutes later I emerged from the precinct house with Spartacus in tow. I had argued and pleaded myself to the brink of laryngitis. I had committed perjury, bankrupted Horrendous Pictures in bail money, and bribed a score of witnesses. I had taken personal custody of the prisoner. I had signed an oath that I would have him back in three weeks for a hearing. But I had Pappy Bewcomb.

"Dad-burned tin star dudes!" snarled Pappy, kicking viciously at a prowl car parked near the curb. "Side-winding polecats!" It was his only comment. No thanks and no gratitude.

I cased him on the way back to the iron horse. It's hard to do him justice in a word, but I think "repulsive" gives the feeling. His head was bald and speckled. His beard, which was nearly a foot long, looked as though it had been used to clean drains. Most of his teeth were gone. He was a charmer.

We just made our train. I'd gotten us the last compartment, by the baggage car. It seemed the better part of valor. I was now custodian of Pappy's flintlock, but the cops had kept his jug. (On the principle, I suppose, that they already had lots of rifles.) When he unpacked, however, I saw a spare. Because I collect clippings, I had brought a pot of glue, the smell of which would nauseate an ape. It was ambrosia compared to Pappy's jug.

A knock on the door prevented more than olfactory comparison. I opened it. There were two people, a man and a girl.

The girl was gorgeous, and skillfully designed. Every part was at once functional and decorative. Her hair gleamed, her eyes sparkled. She had the sort of skin rose petals dream of. Her dress was an occasion for sin. And yet, the prospect did not please. Because the man with her was Will Kaiser.

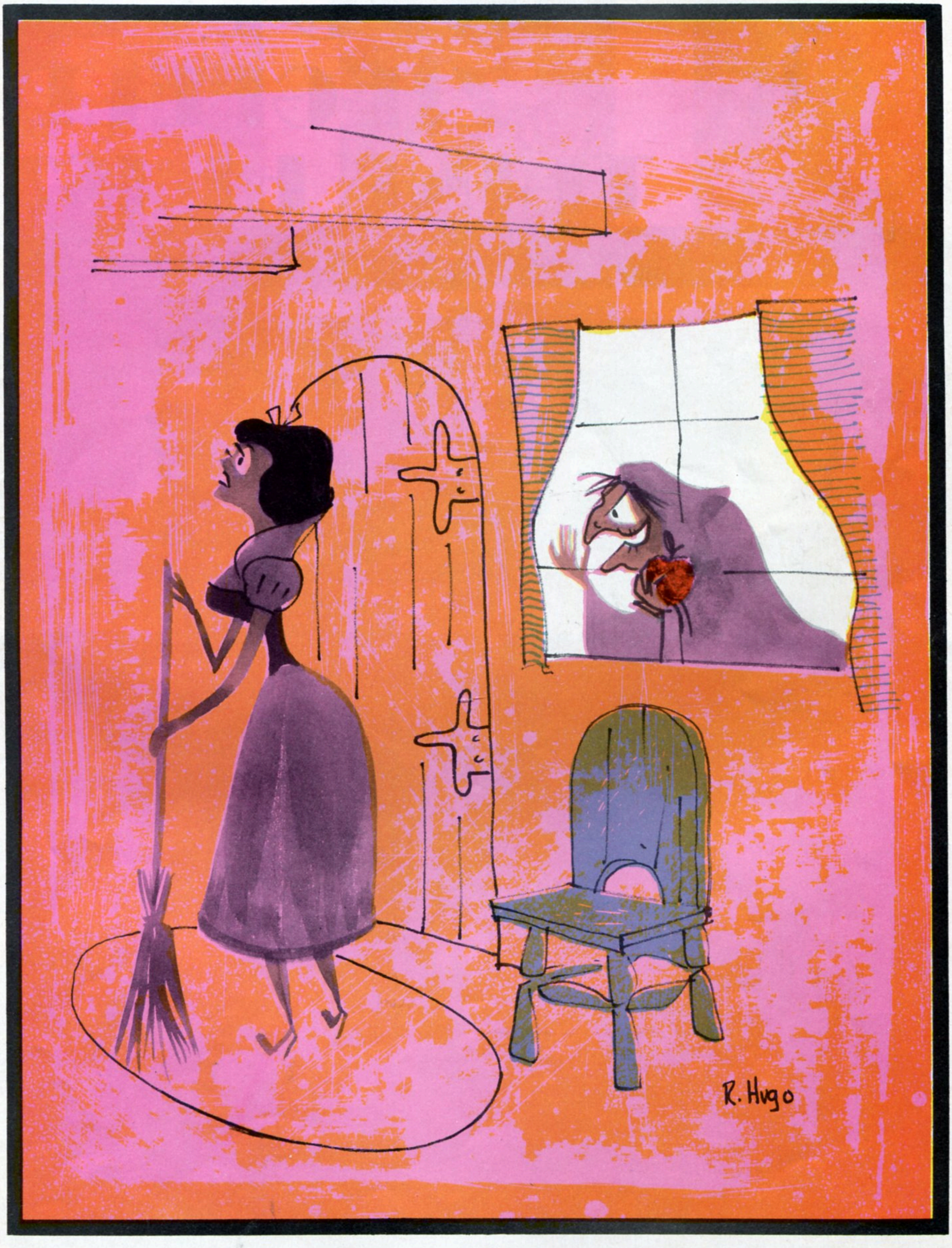
Will Kaiser shouldn't happen to the Gestapo. Or even to Pappy Bewcomb. But I knew it was no coincidence that he was on the train and that he'd found us. Will Kaiser was Mike Myles' chief aide. He undoubtedly knew to the penny how much Pappy's stock in Hollywood had risen.

"Pappy, BA-by!" he bawled, pushing past me to embrace Old Glory. "Holy Gawd, you're lookin' great. Hey, isn't this some break? I'm going to the Coast, too. On vacation." He turned to me. "Whaddaya say." I thought it handsome of him.

" 'Lo, Willy," I said. We'd met before, and the pleasure was his.

Kaiser had remained Myles' number one for years, by simple marks-

(Continued on page 74)



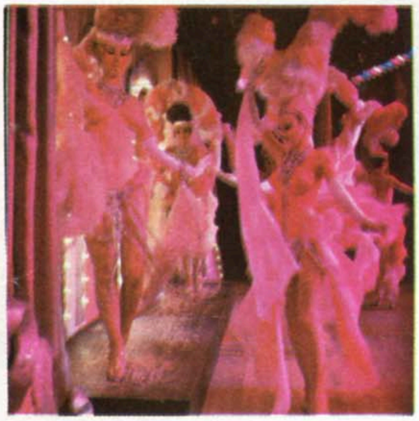
"Avon calling!"

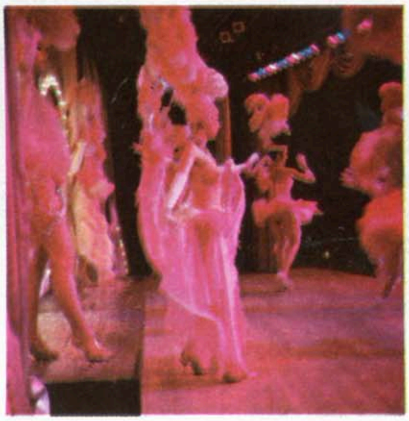
WHO DOES ZIEGFELD THINK HE IS?

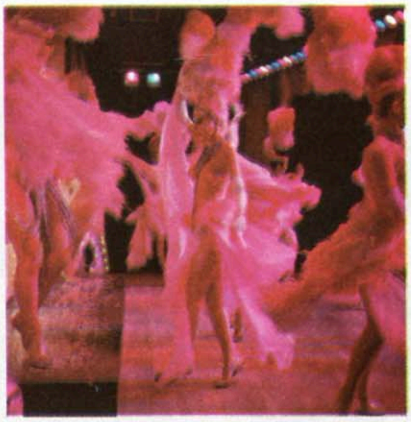
RENO
Harrah's
½ BLOCK

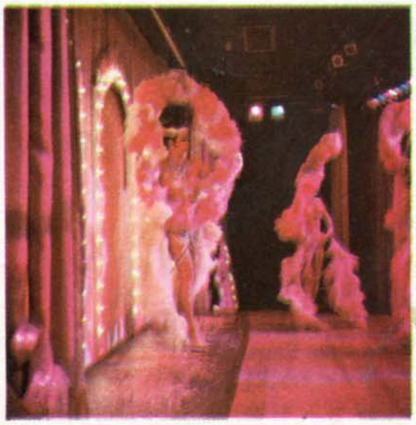
FLAPPER FOLLIES

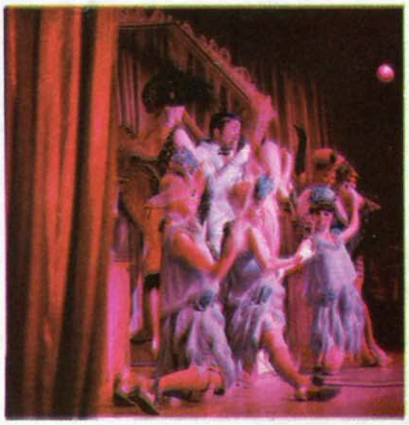
Sirens screamed, whistles blew, girls leaped from doorways marked exit and another audience was caught up in Barry Ashton's latest hit, the FLAPPER FOLLIES. Again he pays homage to the great Ziegfeld and his Reno revue is reminiscent of the Follies that made Ziegfeld great. In each number the girls are outfitted in the most elaborate costumes ever put before an audience. In one number called "Yellow Bird" the costumes, made entirely of feathers, are as costly as mink coats. Now the lights have dimmed and on walks Dick Weston, one of the hottest ventriloquists around. The humor flows fast and sophisticated and if the audience is slow in response, it is jabbed to life by his sharp wit. One night he pulled a toy phone from his pocket and said into it, "Hello, Hertz Rent-An-Audience?" Another time he looked over to the band and yelled, "Quick, somebody call Tarzan – I just found the elephant's graveyard!" When everyone is swaying with laughter Dick introduces his Number One dummy. She is Aunt Martha, not exactly an Ashton Girl but a wonderful old lady who sits on Dick's knee and helps carry the humor to a point this side of side-splitting. The act ends with Weston's throwing three voices at once. Next on stage are the Vespa Brothers. Their act begins with one of them being introduced as "on leave from











the Metropolitan Opera." While he is singing the younger Vespa dressed in a busboy's uniform stumbles through the audience causing pandemonium. A fake argument ensues, bringing the head waiter (the other brother) into the act. It's a joke on the audience and a clever way of bringing the team on stage without the usual dull introductions. Singer Joanie Larson smokes up the stage in a flapper outfit that should win some kind of award. For three numbers she rocks back and forth, sweeping her fake fur to and fro across

her shoulders. An enormously talented girl and one you must see. In spite of this success that seems bound to last, Ashton is already planning another winner. He will place the Ashton Girls in a magic setting, including a rain curtain, girls floating in mid-air, walking through walls and a display of fireworks to further dazzle the audience.

A Guide To The "B" Cult

BALDWIN
BEHAN
BECKETT
BRECHT
BOGART
BARDOT
BURROUGHS

By CLEMENT HANEY

"B" is the second letter of the English alphabet. B comes from the Latin B, which came from Greek B (beta), which in turn came into Greek from the Phoenician. So says one Webster's Dictionary. As a symbol, B stands for the second in order or of its class. All this more or less brings us to a discussion of a weird modern phenomenon known to its own cabalists as the "B Cult." Even at this time, nobody knows who started it or whether, like the fighting skeletons of mythology, it sprang from dragon's teeth. Anyway, whatever its origin, it is now a living, breathing cult. And, to make it even more interesting, it didn't start in California, as so many cults do. This may make the southern Californians hopping mad, but that can't be helped.

The people of the B Cult worship the mad, sardonic or angry famous moderns whose last names all begin with the letter "B." It seems that B can claim more angry or unusual moderns than any other letter in the English alphabet. For the sexually hip, there is Brigitte Bardot. For the literary hipster, there is Samuel Beckett. And in the wide swing of style in between, there is James Baldwin, Brendan Behan, Bert Brecht, Humphrey DeForest Bogart, and William Burroughs, the *Naked Lunch* man.

Take Humphrey Bogart, for example. He is particularly big in Paris *and* Cambridge, Massachusetts. Indeed, in Cambridge there is a small movie house that runs his old films all the time. The "Bogart fans," as they call themselves, and of course they are, are for the most part Harvard and Radcliffe students. They like all the Big Bs, but they have fixed upon Bogart as their particular B. Like Bogart himself, they are sardonic in manner; only a B insider can tell when they're kidding or when they're not. The boys have taken to wearing trenchcoats and those just-out-of-prison suits that Warner Brothers always dressed Humphrey in so many of his early films. Some, the richer ones, have gone so far as to order "custom battered" hats of late 1930s vintage. When they do something in Cambridge they do it right. The girls of the Bogart branch of the B Cult find it hard to imitate Mary Astor, so they come on like Lauren Bacall. Historically, this isn't quite accurate since the Bogart cult is centered about the early gangster pictures, although such later works as *Sahara, Tokyo Joe* and *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* certainly are accorded high if always sardonic respect. Perhaps the most interesting thing about the Bogart Fans is the way they can sit through some ancient Warner Brothers gangster flick night after night without exhibiting the faintest trace of boredom. They are personally bored, of course, but that's all part of the B Cult scene. When they aren't bored, they're angry — but always in a Humphrey Bogart sort of way. Their anger is seldom sustained: it comes in "mad dog" outbursts and quickly subsides into mild sardonic bitterness. That was how Bogart was, that's how they are. When they sneer at Bogie's famous madman's twitch or try to mimic his marvelous rasping voice, they are paying homage in a way *he* would have wanted. To them, Bogart was the original hipster, the coolest rat in a world of squares in which Pat O'Brien was always the chaplain, Henry O'Neill was always the warden, and James Cagney was always George M. Cohan. Knowing Cambridge, it is almost certain that there will never be a George Brent Cult within its environs. Bogart will reign until he is replaced by Jean-Paul Belmondo or David Janssen, *The Fugitive* who is never caught.

Bert Brecht was famous before Bogart or Beckett or any of the B crowd, and he's still going strong in his own way. They still think he's a smash in East Berlin, but he isn't a cult as he is in New York, where *The Threepenny Opera* ran so long they had to retire some of the actors because of advanced age. Brecht is very big in Chicago, too, but for pure B Cult fervor you can't find anything like the New York enthusiasm. In both cities the very young may *pretend* to like him, but the real B Cultists (Brecht Chapter) are those slightly older people for whom the Revolution (not the Russian Revolution but some vague Revolution of the spirit) is never over. At parties, wherever old undisciplined Marxists gather, Brecht is *god,* the flat hard voice of social protest. Brecht, like Bogart and so many other famous Bs, didn't really love the poor and downtrodden but he liked them much better than the rich. Brecht, again like Bogart, is bittersweet in his compassion for mankind. He is a good guy but always a little embarrassed by his feelings. Those who belong to the B Cult in whatever local form it takes like to think of themselves as "hard" people who do good deeds unto others with a wolfish grin. They never never never have anything good to say about the police.

(*Continued on page* 60)

SEE HOW A COMPUTER ADDS • SUBTRACTS • SHIFTS • MULTIPLIES MEMORIZES • COMPARES • ANSWERS RIDDLES • PROCESSES DATA DOES THE MISSILE COUNTDOWN • SATELLITE RE-ENTRY • MISSILE CHECKOUT • SOLVES BANK ACCOUNT PROBLEMS — EVEN TELLS FORTUNES

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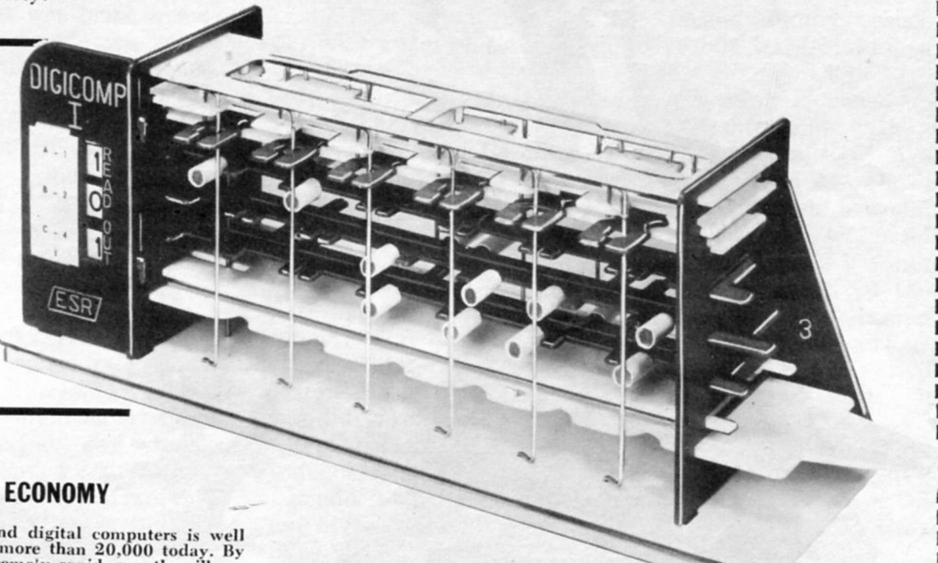

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INTERESTING ALIMONY CHECKS

ARTHUR P. NASH

How many people have ever stopped to ask themselves this question: What is the most boring and uninteresting task in the world?

Those who have pondered the problem have had, no doubt, a difficult time of coming up with the answer, but I have been fortunate in this matter, the solution coming quite inadvertently to me. Several years ago I was seated at my desk on a Saturday morning, as was my custom, writing out the weekly alimony check to my first wife. I yawned several times as I opened my checkbook, and took out my pen. As I started writing I felt my eyelids drooping and within a few seconds I had dozed off, something I rarely do during the daytime.

When I awoke ten minutes later it dawned upon me that writing an alimony check was perhaps the most boring activity in my life. Dull! As hard as I thought, I could not imagine anything else that was more wearisome, tedious and uninspiring as this simple act, which I then proceeded to analyze, in the interests of science.

Every week the check is drawn to the order of the same, uninteresting person, for the identical, monotonous amount, signed by the same person in his familiar, dry signature, with his usual, dreary, blue-black ink, placed in the inevitably white envelope and mailed to the never changing address. The check itself is always that drab yellow color and in account with that same, lackluster bank. Damn it! I thought, the only thing that ever changes is the date! No wonder then that soon I did not look forward to Saturday mornings.

As time went on, the problem became more serious, however. I found that on Thursdays I became vaguely uneasy and moody and on Fridays I would be irritable and depressed, beginning to dread the next day when I would bore myself to death with that #$%–&(#% check. By the time that Friday afternoon rolled around, I could hardly keep my eyes open, leading at first to ribbing from my fellow workers and finally to words of admonition from my boss.

I got to a point where I would drag myself home Friday evening, eat my supper while snapping at my second wife and retire to bed at about 8:00, completely fatigued at the mere thought of the following morning.

And then came Saturday morning! At first, my wife was greatly concerned at my condition. She called the doctor because I did not seem to have the strength to get out of bed, and she feared that I was suffering either a stroke or developing some strange mental disease.

But pull myself out of bed I did, and then to the desk. Week after week the task required more and more time and energy, as I began to doze off three, four and five times during the writing of a single check.

The rest of each weekend was ruined. I would walk around in a daze the remainder of Saturday, experiencing dizzy spells, and, occasionally, screaming fits. I usually stayed indoors all day Sunday to recuperate and by the evening I would be finally coming to myself. The early part of the week would see me as my old self but towards the middle of the week the entire process would begin again, each time increasing in length and intensity.

The psychiatrist did not help me much; I couldn't concentrate on my work and I was constantly taking things out on my wife. Finally, she retaliated, threatening me with divorce if I kept acting so peculiarly. When I heard this threat, my immediate reaction was to swoon. She revived me and promptly put me to bed.

It was then, with my life being ruined, the danger of a second divorce hanging over me and the possibility of having to write out *two* dull, uninteresting, vapid alimony checks a week that I determined to solve this serious problem.

This was the end of what we shall call my "first alimony check period."

My first efforts during the "second alimony check period," were, of course, primitive but I was taking a great step forward and I sensed it.

In addition to my regular bank account, I opened up four other accounts, each one furnishing me with a different colored check. I now had my choice of five bank accounts to draw from and my choice of yellow, pink, blue, white or green checks. One week I would type the check, the next week I would write it longhand and the week after I would print it. Sometimes I would use a date stamper, other times I would write out the date. Occasionally I would put the date in roman numerals. I turned to inks and envelopes of various colors, stamping the envelope with a commemorative stamp rather than the drab, ordinary stamp with the familiar profile of George Washington.

On special occasions, such as Christmas or my ex-wife's birthday, I would add on a small gift to her check (usually two or three cents) and on the anniversary of our divorce, I would include a bonus of seventy-five cents or one dollar, telling her to buy herself a couple of nice dresses to celebrate the happy occasion. I'm a real sport when it comes to things like this! Can I help it if I'm so sentimental?

Now constantly thinking of new ways to vary the weekly payment, I hit upon the happy idea of including some of my former pet names when I made out the checks. So, in between her first and second names, I would insert "Fatso," "Slob," "Ugly," or "Stupid," as I used to call her, decreasing somewhat the prosaic quality of her legal name and affording her nostalgic memories of our marriage. Then, when it became my practice to sign my name in a different manner each week, the full gamut had been run. I had now varied every aspect of the weekly alimony check, increased its versatility and flexibility and had developed the Saturday morning task into an interesting hobby.

The results of the "second alimony check period" were dramatic. After a while I dismissed my psychiatrist, worked on my job with greater enthusiasm and efficiency, gained a promotion to Vice-President of my firm, my second wife and I separated and were divorced and I began to settle down to a normal life.

The boredom of my Saturday mornings had been corrected and this weekly check writing became a pleasant hobby with me. And now I had *two* lovely checks a week to look forward to!

Things had truly changed as the "third alimony check period," or, as I prefer to call it, the "flippant period," began. The checks were now my passion and occupied me during most of my leisure time. I dreamed and schemed and gained more and more confidence with each passing week.

This period started off quite by accident one week when I received a call from my first wife's attorney, who complained that she had not received her check that week. I promised to look into the matter, of course. This call enlivened my day and excited me not a little since I usually do not receive phone calls at my office.

When I returned home I discovered the envelope on the floor of my study, unmailed. The next day I phoned the attorney, told him that it was all an oversight and that I would send out two checks next Saturday. However, later in the day I tried to imagine what would happen if nothing arrived next week either! Giggling with anticipation of future phone calls, I determined to omit the approaching Saturday checks and see what would happen. The following week I eagerly went to the office, curious as the results of my little practical joke. As expected, my wife's attorney howled like a wounded bull and threatened me with all sorts of nasty things. Suppressing a chuckle, I replied that again it must have been a mistake, possibly due to a new mailman on the route, or something like that, but promised I would look into it immediately.

That following Saturday I filled out a check for three payments and then impetuously decided to send it out without signing it. Oh, I can be a little devil at times! Just thinking of the next phone call from my wife's attorney brightened up my entire weekend.

Well, on Monday I received a call not from the attorney but from the ex-missus herself! My, it was enjoyable listening to her sonorous voice once again. We spoke, or I should say *she* spoke close to a half hour, without pausing for breath, in a rather loud voice. For a while I placed the receiver on the desk and continued my work while she exercised her vocal chords. I did not catch everything she said but I heard her mention something about taking me into court and throwing me into prison or something like that. After she ran out of breath I told her that mistakes will happen and that if she would return the check to me, I would be glad to sign. For her—anything!

Naturally, the check was returned but on Saturday, while I was preparing to make out the checks for that week, in addition to signing the one I had neglected the previous week, an unfortunate thing happened. I sent each ex-wife the other's check, in error.

On Monday morning I received calls from my first wife, her attorney, my second wife and from my attorney who inquired what the hell was going on! Of course, by the time 5:00 came around I was exhilarated beyond description from the day's events.

The following week a near riot ensued when I mailed the correct checks to each wife but became so confused by the events of the last few weeks that I committed two faux pas: I neglected to place enough money in the bank to cover my second wife's check and I wrote in the wrong date on my first wife's check. Although I was off by only one year, the bank nevertheless refused to pay it, the stinkers!

In the first case, my second wife, now having had difficulty with two consecutive checks of mine, sent her boy friend to see me and find out what was going on. He was slightly peeved about the whole thing, but we had a few drinks, discussed the pennant race in the National League and then settled down to a game of gin rummy. My first wife became so incensed that she stormed out of her house blinded with rage and stepped in front of a moving auto, breaking both legs and injuring her back. I had to send her checks directly to the hospital for the next eight weeks. Poor dear!

Well, to be brief, my "flippant period" was proceeding smartly and I was having the time of my life. I had a new interest in life, and exciting things seemed to be happening every moment. I became so wrapped up in my hobby that I hardly blinked an eyelash when my third marriage abruptly ended in divorce.

I was young and gay, life was thrilling, I was free again. And now, I had *three* alimony checks a week to play with.

I was in all my glory!

The courts thought otherwise, however, due to a misunderstanding. My first two wives applied to the courts for relief and a rather irascible judge said that he was contemplating charging me with contempt of court if I did not mend my ways. This happened shortly after my third wife filed for alimony and I became so confused at one point that I signed one check "Abraham Lincoln." The judge, being an old bachelor, did not understand the confusion arising when one has gone through three wives, and cautioned me sternly.

Under the circumstances I felt that this was unfair but to restore familial harmony, I decided to reorganize my system. I paid up all my debts, retired to Europe for a two month vacation and a period of quiet contemplation. Upon my return, I slowly worked into my "fourth alimony check period," or my "mature period."

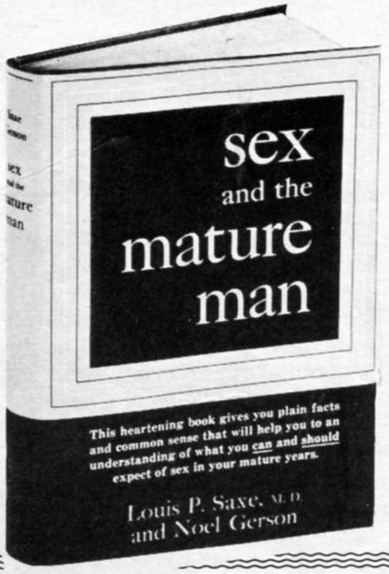
The transition from the third to the fourth period of my alimony check writing career required about three years. I contented myself with minor pranks and this period was marked by a certain stability in my conduct.

Things had changed a great deal. My business career had advanced significantly and my life was more settled. Heeding the advice of the old judge I confined my Saturday morning hobby to flashy colored checks, inks and envelopes and other slight variations. Occasionally I would send my ex-wives pictures of myself with my new girl friends. In time I added two more to my collection and, in each instance, I sent recordings of the wedding ceremony to my ex-wives, who enjoyed them very much, as they later told me. I rarely sent the divorce papers, however, because they were too bulky and, besides, they were boring—legal documents usually are.

As an innovation I made contacts with people in different parts of the world—the Riviera, Hawaii, Mexico City, the Mediterranean, etc. I would send my alimony checks to these people and they would mail them out from these locations so not only did my wives think that I was gadding about, having a grand time, but they never knew where to reach me in the event of difficulties.

Every few months or so, I would stop payments and we would soon have a family reunion in court. I would invariably appear in a beautiful new suit and with a nice tan (obtained under a sun lamp). At these times I would always declare that there

(Continued on page 61)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MELVIN SHESTACK

The scene is in the rococo bar of an old, sedate East Side New York hotel. Two girls, both in their late twenties, sit in a booth, sipping daquiris. One is blond, naturally, and appears to be a young matron — upper crust — the type regularly seen in *Town & Country* or *Vogue*. A good guess would be that she attended Miss Porter's school, maybe a year in Switzerland and then Bennett, or, listening to the tenor of her conversation, Vassar or Mt. Holyoke are more likely. We'll call her Bobbi.

The other is less chic, her hair is long and straight and she wears no makeup, save for a touch of color on her eyelids. Her dress is expensive — Design Research — and she carries the latest copy of "Art News" in her striped woollen bag (purchased in Athens during a Mediterranean cruise last year). Her education? Again an educated guess: Radcliffe or Bennington. Maybe the Village branch of N.Y.U. For our purposes, her name is Wendy.

Bobbi and Wendy have just spent the afternoon gallery hopping. Wendy has bought a drawing by Alexander Liberman at the Betty Parsons gallery. "It will look divine in your apartment," Bobbi admits, a tinge of jealousy in her voice. "You're doing very well, aren't you?"

Bobbi needn't be jealous. She does just as well as her friend. Both are call girls. Both make over $20,000 a year. (with no taxes) Both enjoy their work. In fact, contrary to popular opinion, they weren't recruited by any syndicate or white slave ring — they enlisted. They are independents — and they want it that way, as you'll see when we interview them a bit later in the article.

They look at the clock on the wall almost simultaneously. "I have a date, sweets," Bobbi coos.

"So do I," Wendy mentions.

They fight for a moment over who will pay for the drinks. Both have bulging wallets. They decide, and at the door, hug and kiss each other. Just mutual affection. Unlike the *filles de joie* in the psychoanalytical journals, they suffer not at all from lesbianism. They are heterosexual to the tips of their dainty little toes.

Bobbi takes a taxi uptown.

Wendy takes a taxi downtown.

The evening will not only bring each of them a good time, but at least $100 pure profit as well.

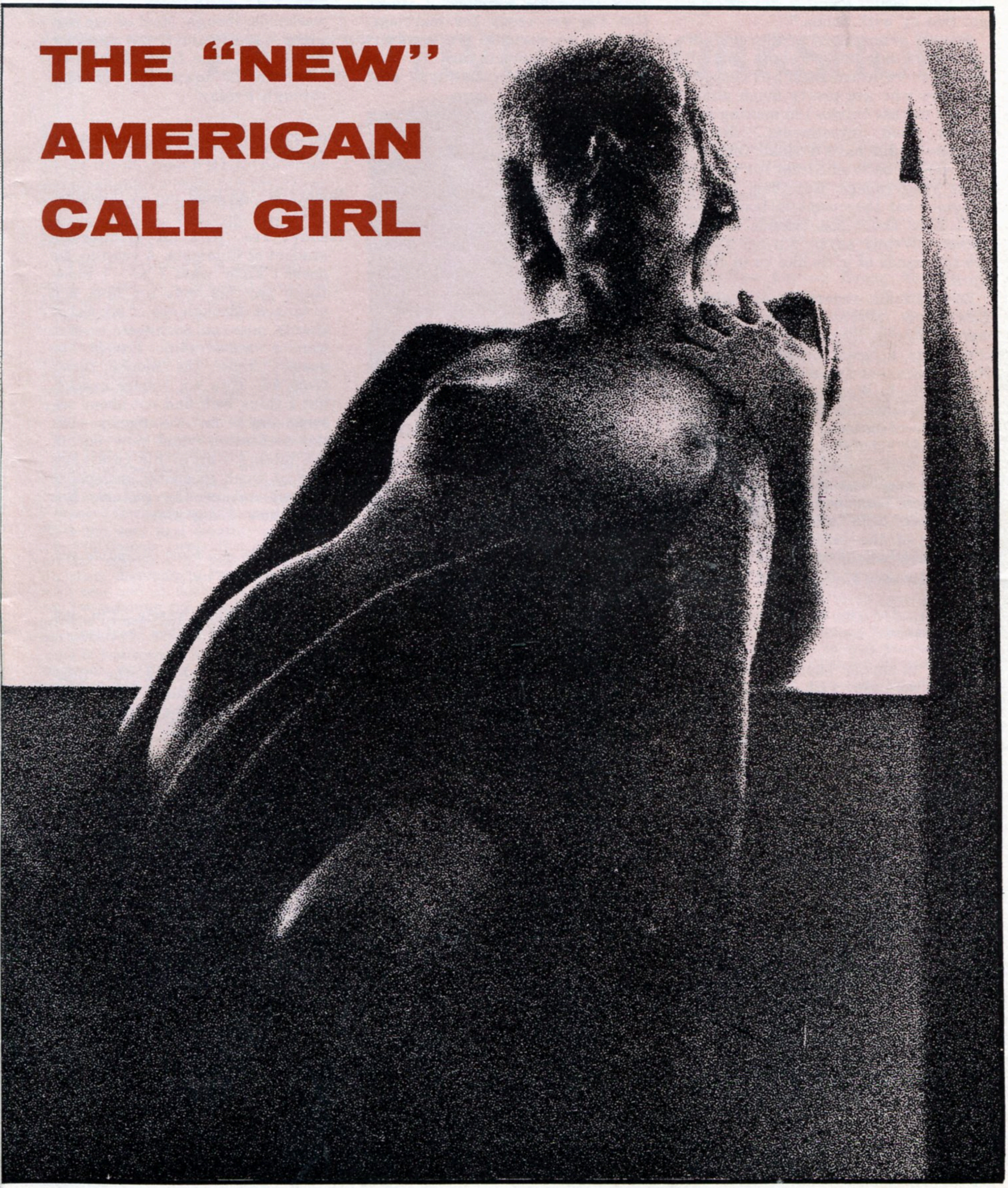
Bobbi's date is with Ronald H. He's 36 years old, a native of Winnetka, Illinois, and except for four years at Purdue and two years in Japan as a naval ensign, he's always lived here. Mary P., his wife has always lived there, too — and his sons, Ronald, Jr., 12, and Eric, 7, will probably live there, also. And get jobs in the same firm that employ their father. He's a sales engineer — $16,500 a year, monthly trips to New York, with an expense account almost unlimited. The $100 or so he pays Bobbi for one night a month is easily hidden under the "misc." column in his records. For the record, Ronald H. is deeply in love with Mary P. They even have, for their *genre*, a warm and affectionate, if non-wild sex life. He only cheats on Mary 11 times a year (during August he never comes to New York — he takes the wife and kids to Lake Nippersink, Wisconsin).

"Ron is a square," Bobbi explains. "Deep down he really would like to be married to someone like me. Glamorous. Known by headwaiters. Socially prominent (I used to be in the Social Register until my first marriage. That clod bumped me out. Good riddance to him — but I haven't gotten around to letting them know I'm acceptable again.) His wife Mary's a clod. Good mother and all that. Keeps her home neat as a pin and reads best sellers. But she's dull and he knows it. (He's sort of dull, too, but intelligent in a non-intellectual way with a strong desire to be a man of the world. I fill that desire.) Once a month Ron pays for a real relationship. We talk about politics — Ron is all for social reform and things like that, but he's afraid to mention it among his conservative friends. He also likes ballet and we go. Best seats, too. And he's nuts about French cooking — but his friends at the club dig bar-b-ques, and well, he conforms. He doesn't have to pretend. I also go shopping for a gift for his wife and kids, and you know, I like him. And, like most of my 'dates' he goes for oral sex, which is alright with me — and probably with Mary too, but he'd be shocked to think about it."

Wendy's date is Peter A. Peter's about 40, and balding. He is advertising manager for an electronics concern in Ohio. He has two children, a boy and girl, one almost college age. Pete comes to New York about every two weeks to visit his firm's agency. The ad agency pays for Wendy. They're happy to do it — Pete's boss is their biggest account and they want to keep him happy. He is. Wendy answers all his prayers. While in college (Brown) Pete planned to go into journalism — or work for some philanthropic foundation in the arts. Maybe start a literary magazine of his own. In his high school yearbook, under Pete's picture is written: "Class Poet. Wilson High's Most Creative Genius." Shortly after his discharge from the service, Pete met and married Selma G. Her father owns the firm in which Pete creates the advertising. Selma considers herself quite the intellect. She is a guiding light of the community theater and attends the bi-weekly book reviews at the Public Library's Patron's Club." Pete is bored silly with his wife. But, in the typical American syndrome, he sticks to it for "the children's sake."

"Pete really could make it in the arts," Wendy says, "if he had married someone like me — that is, if someone like me could ever marry anybody. He reads voraciously and has real perception. When he's with me, he really opens up. We listen to jazz. (His wife hates it. She isn't the Lawrence Welk type, exactly, but she doesn't like anything she doesn't fully understand. She's tight. Pete could be loose — he is with me — but he can't make it all the way. You know, the security bit.) Whenever Pete's in town I look forward to being with him. We generally go to an off-Broadway show, and to dinner at some place in the Village. I've introduced him to a couple of my friends — unemployed actors and the like — who like him even though he buys them dinner and is employed. Pete's psychiatrist — he's the other appointment Pete has in New York (neither his wife nor father-in-law know about it — and the ad agency pays for him too — but they don't know about it either) says that if it wasn't for me, not only Pete's marriage would crack up — he would too. As far as sex is concerned, he thinks he's pretty good, and I let him think so —

THE "NEW" AMERICAN CALL GIRL



but I must say, he's learning. I mean, if he can teach me to see things in Proust and Kafka that I didn't know existed, I owe him something, too. I like Pete. I can't imagine why he ever got tied up with Selma."

Ronald is one of 15 or 20 regulars in Bobbi's date book. Pete is part of Wendy's two dozen. Each girl chooses partners who are pretty much alike.

"My mother thinks I'm making my money from investments," Bobbi laughs. "I did have a small income, and worked on Wall Street for a year or so after college. But then, people believe what they want to believe."

"I have about ten friends in the racket," Wendy says. "I'll bet there are thousands of girls like us in New York."

In his radio report on call girls, Edward R. Murrow claimed there were 30,000 in Manhattan alone. According to a recent article, reporter Monroe Fry put the number at 5000 of the Bobbi-Wendy variety. They become involved in the "racket" for a number of reasons — psychological as well as economic. "Wendy" and "Bobbi" were willing to answer any of *Gent's* questions as long as we concealed their identities, hence, certain facts have been altered — but the majority of the information in the interview is wholly true — at least in the exact words of Bobbi and Wendy.

Question: *Are you happy with your "profession."*

Bobbi: "Is anyone happy. I wouldn't trade my life with any of the people I know who are married, with kids, or in the suburbs. You know, the middle-class bit. Not for me.

Wendy: "I could be crass and say you might-as-well-sell-it-as-give-it-away — no, there's a better life, but for the time being it serves a purpose and I've $5000 in the bank. Nobody else I know has that.

Question: *How did you get into it?*

Bobbi: "After my abortive marriage, I had a few affairs. Then, I met this older man — I thought of him as older then — started giving me gifts. Money. He introduced me to a few of his friends. Before I knew it I was in business. Now, I'm pretty selective — at first it wasn't so.

Wendy: "Pretty much the same -- except I never was married. I had plenty of opportunity, but I can't seem to say yes. One of my regulars is a bachelor, of all things, sort of a celebrity too — in his field. He's asked me a couple of times. But I'm not ready for marriage. Most of my regulars are in advertising. My contacts are in that field. I like the creative type guy.

Question: *Isn't it hard having sex with a stranger?*

Bobbi: "Believe it or not, I don't always have 'sex' as you call it with my regulars. They're interested in me because I cater to their whims, their desires. Most of my regulars have good sex lives — to a point — with their wives. I fulfill the other things — sort of like the greek *hetairai.*

Wendy: "That's just how I think of myself. A *hetairai**** In direct answer to your question, the first time it's hard. But I haven't had a new 'client'— except I never think of them like that — for ten months. I know them all. In fact, with three of them, that I can think of, I really look forward to their visits — and sleeping with them.

Question: *You keep mentioning "regulars." Do you ever have what we think are called "one-night stands?"*

Bobbi: Heavens, no. Before I accept a client, he's checked out by one of my regulars. I once tried a $200 trick — never again. A drunken, filthy old man.

Wendy: Argh! What do you think I am?

Question: *How about your social life? Do you date men for nothing? Purely because you like them?*

Bobbi: Not as often as I like. From time to time I'll meet someone at a party and have dinner with them. But I have about four dates a week with regulars.

Wendy: I go out with a few fellows. But I'm pretty busy. Never on weekends, though. Most of our regulars — and I think I can speak for Bobbi, too, come from out-of-town and are in town only Monday through Friday.

Question: *Do you have a regular boy friend?*

Bobbi: No At least not at this time. ***

Wendy: Yes. He's an architecture student at Columbia. A veteran. He doesn't know what I do — I sometimes pay his rent for him, and arranged, through one of my richer clients, also an architect, to give him a *scholarship.* Except, he doesn't know the money comes from me. He's not square exactly, but I think he'll find out about me, some day — not the money — but the profession — and bow out of the picture — or in his case (he's sort of weak in spots) rationalize himself out of the picture. But right now, I dig him.

Question: *Do you have enjoyable sex. Reach any sort of climax?*

Bobbi: No. Well, rarely. I'm not against it. But I have troubles.

Wendy: With some all the time. Others, never. Funny, I never do with Frankie — the fellow, the architecture student.

*** It's interesting to note that Bobbi refused to admit that she had a kept man. After the interview, Wendy confided that Bobbi did — but was ashamed to admit it. He's an unemployed golf pro — with a proclivity toward horse racing and good clothes.

Question: *How much money do you earn?*

Bobbi: Last year I grossed $18,000.

Wendy: A little more. Not much.

Question: *What are your plans for the future. Is marriage in them?*

Bobbi: I'd like to get married. At least to someone I respect. Not like

(Continued on page 56)

*** In ancient Greece the only educated women were the *hetairai,* or top level courtesan. These were the only educated women in classic Greek society. The wife took care of the household and raising children and most greek gentlemen found intellectual companionship with the *hetairai* who were highly respected citizens, or high-born slaves.

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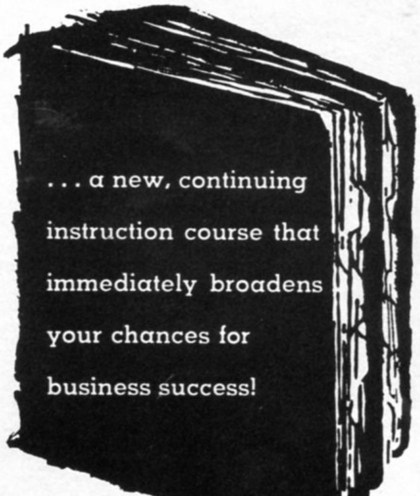

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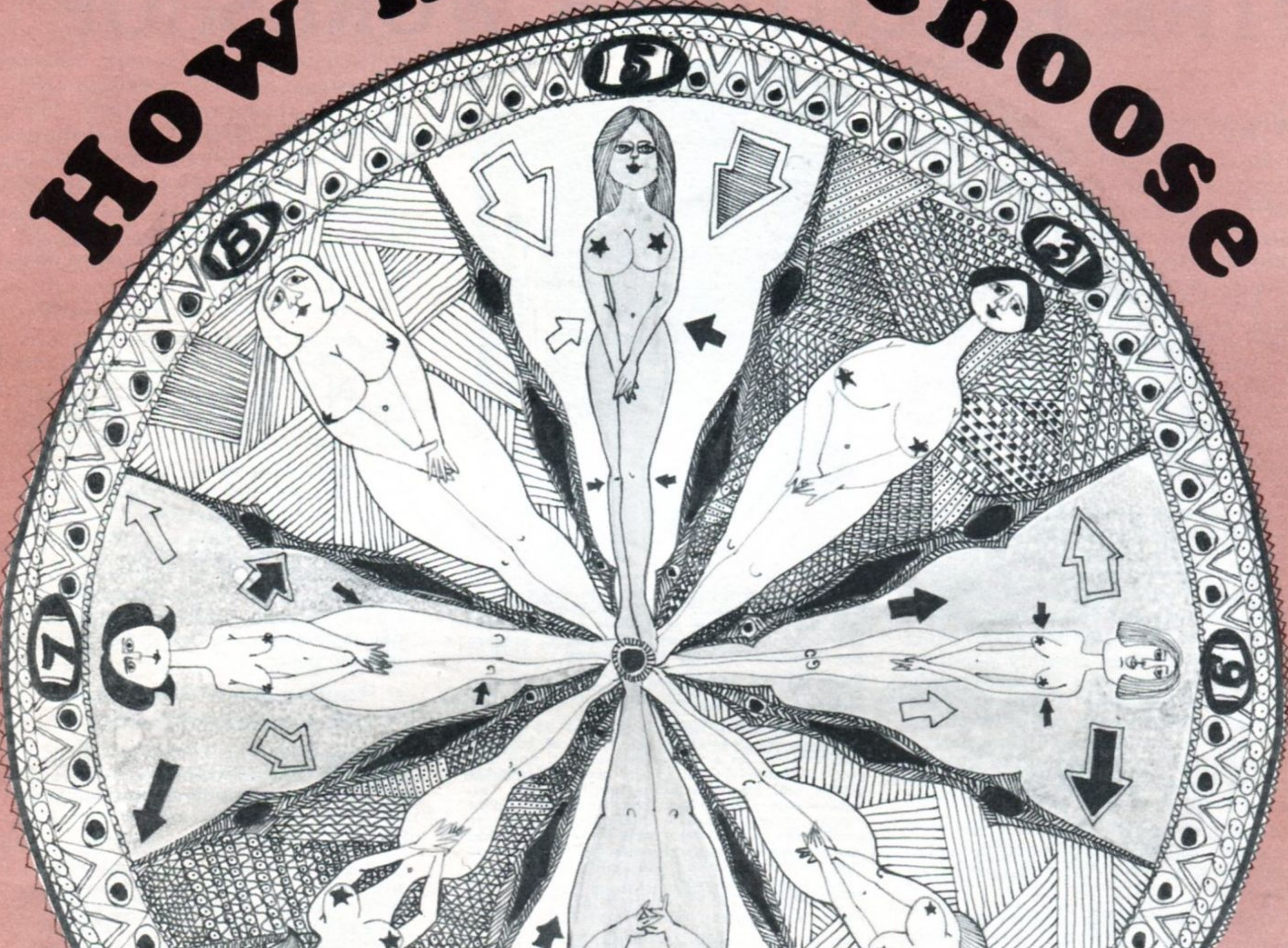
How not to choose a mistress



Love is always a gamble but it helps a lot if you use a system

JAY TAYLOR

The American Male has many dreams.

You're knotting your tie, and straightening out your hair with your fingers.

You turn to the cocktail table in her apartment to pick up your tie-tac.

Simultaneously, she tosses a bunch of keys down in front of you.

"That's the extra set of keys to my apartment," she says. "From now on, they're yours!"

You've got yourself a Mistress!

Go AWOL, young man! Go anywhere! But, don't pick up those keys!

Ben Franklin gave some supposedly good advice on the subject. He said to pick one no longer young, because if you covered the upper and lower extremities of her body with baskets, and looked at what was in between, you couldn't tell how old she was. And that, if she were a little older than young, she'd make it up by being very grateful. He probably stole this from Will Shakespeare's comment *re* Cleopatra, "Age cannot wither, nor custom stale, her infinite variety."

My advice would have to be, "Beware the jub-jub bird, my son, and shun the frumious bander*snatch*."

Cindy lived on the upper East Side of Manhattan. The premiere performance opened to rave reviews on the part of the only two critics present — Cindy and me. I got the set of keys, and wasn't even asked to pay any part of the rent.

She was something special. She was a diminutive brunette, four feet ten, weighing 98 pounds, but wearing a 34-C bra.

She had no interest in the propagation of the species, but she liked to go through the motions. She kept a small jar of 100 proof vodka gibsons in her refrigerator, and if she thought you were getting restless in the middle of the night, she'd wake you up, and, as the first step in a two-part mutual assistance pact, she'd insert a gibson in you.

She was twenty-six, and she could have passed tips along to those guys in India, Persia and other points East who wrote those books a couple of thousand years ago.

When she was good, she was very, very good — and she was very, very good all the time.

If you suggested going to see "How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying," she had a suggestion as to how to succeed in something else by really trying. If you wanted to discuss world politics, she wondered why they called President de Gaulle "Big Charley." If you asked "Can I get you a drink or something?" she always answered, "I'll take the something."

It was great, and it was practically free, but you were sealed up in a tank with a barracuda. Like Joe Louis once said, you could run, but you couldn't hide. New York City has great newspapers. Interesting magazines are published there. You can watch television. You can go to the theater. You can go to interesting places to eat. But, Cindy might just as well have been living in Broken Bow, Oklahoma.

"Why the hell go to see an Italian movie?" she'd ask. "I'm not stupid enough to ask what Sophia Loren has that I don't have, but what I've got I have right here. Available. With second portions."

Sounds great — and it would have been had I been suffering from an incurable case of satyriasis. But, as much as that may be a consummation to be wished for, very few of us males are blessed with the disease.

So, she'd fly into a rage. "What are you chickening out for?" she would scream. "You have a key, and you're not paying any rent. You never had it so good."

So, I wobbled out one morning, moved the same day, and got myself an unlisted phone number. I had had it. Let me repeat that statement. I really had had it. There can be too much of a good thing!

Cele lived in a walk-up apartment on the West Side. I met her quite by accident. She was standing next to me when I was watching a red-bottomed male monkey playing with himself at the Central Park zoo.

She said, "Well, I never!" She was about five feet two — blue-eyed, blonde, stacked like an atomic pile.

I said, "I don't think you're built for it — either fore or aft."

She turned partly away and repeated, "Why, I really never!"

I said, "You'll have to excuse him. He's an Onan-utang."

So, one thing led to another, and pretty soon we were having old-fashioned's at the Casino-In-The-Park.

It took a little longer before I was handed the keys — again with no share in the rent.

Cele liked Art and Culture, and she was neat. Also, very independent. She had never read any of the Eastern lore, nor the Continental lore, and she was just horizontally plane when it came to the art of lure.

An evening with her always turned into an exercise in frustration. When you got there after work, she was straightening up the apartment. When you suggested a drink, she said she'd fix it, because it was "her" kitchen and she didn't want you to disarrange anything.

She hadn't defrosted any ice cubes, so you waited while she did that. You finally received your drink, and were told to watch television or read a magazine while she got things ready for dinner. You sat and watched her jiggle her fanny around while she started to cook. This wasn't a steaks

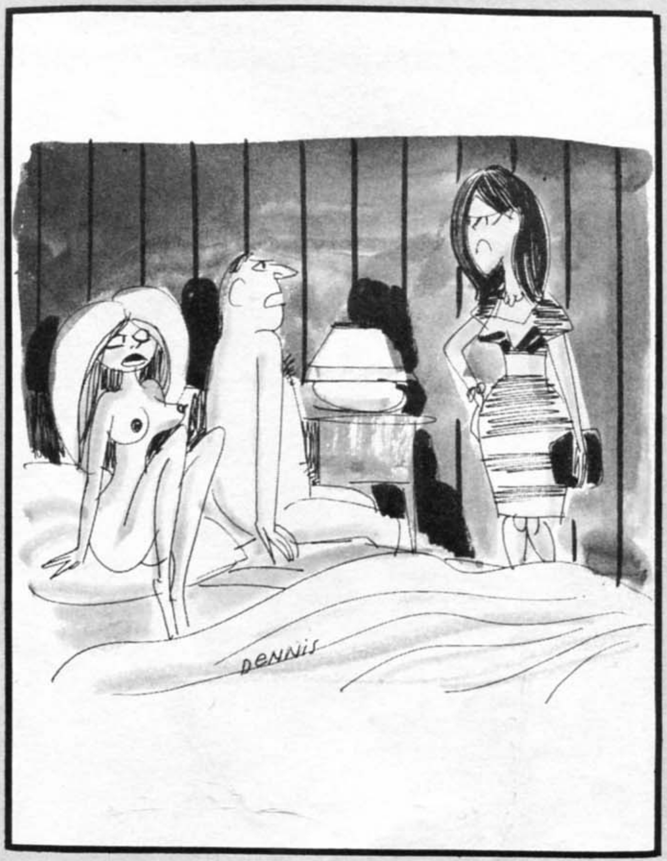
(Continued on page 53)

SEX IS THAT SECOND COUSIN WHO SUDDENLY GREW UP

Charles H. Dennis

"Honey, the Smiths here have just come up with a great idea how we can spend the evening together."

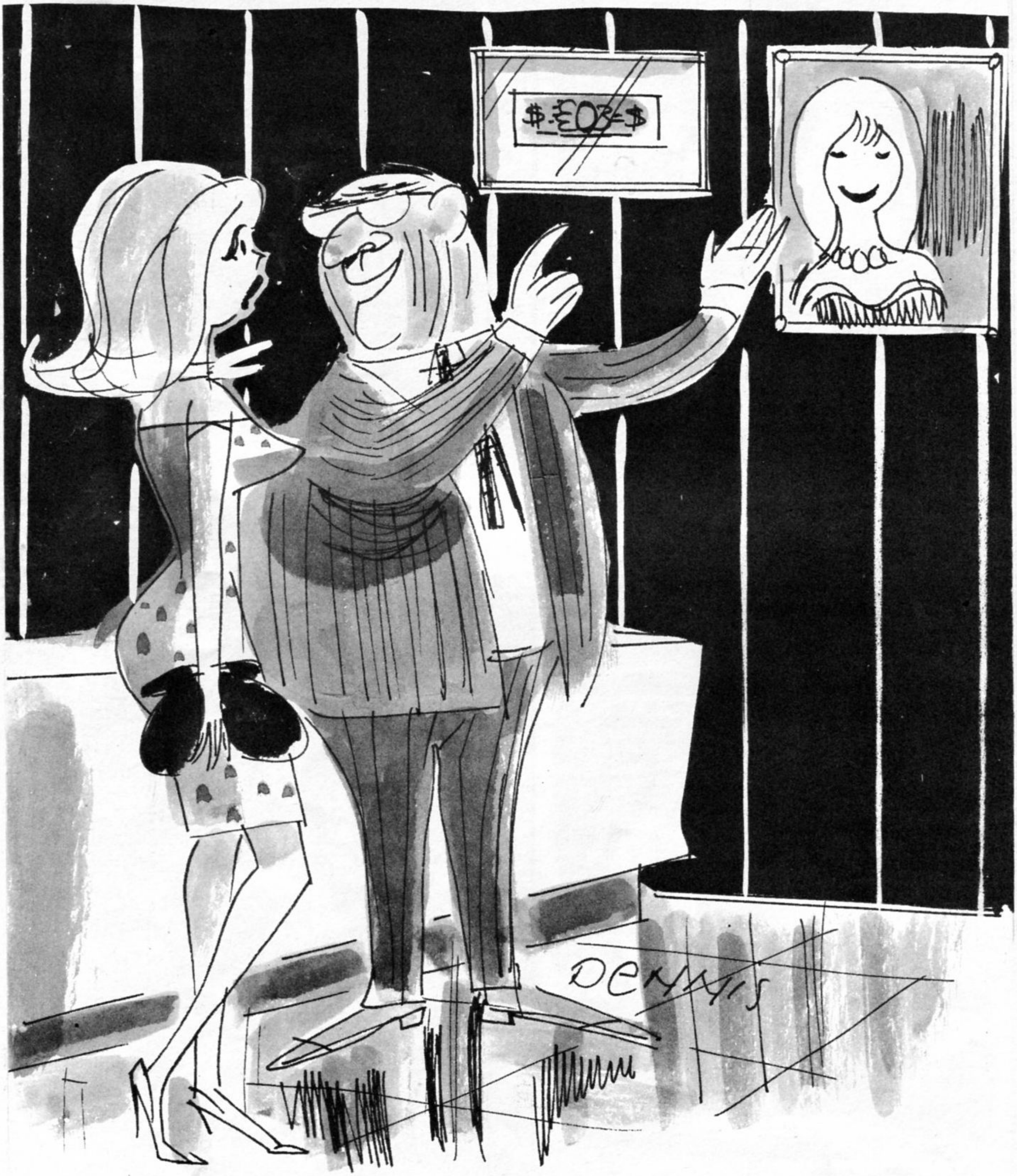
"Miss Lark is new here, Grover, and I want to put her into your hands."



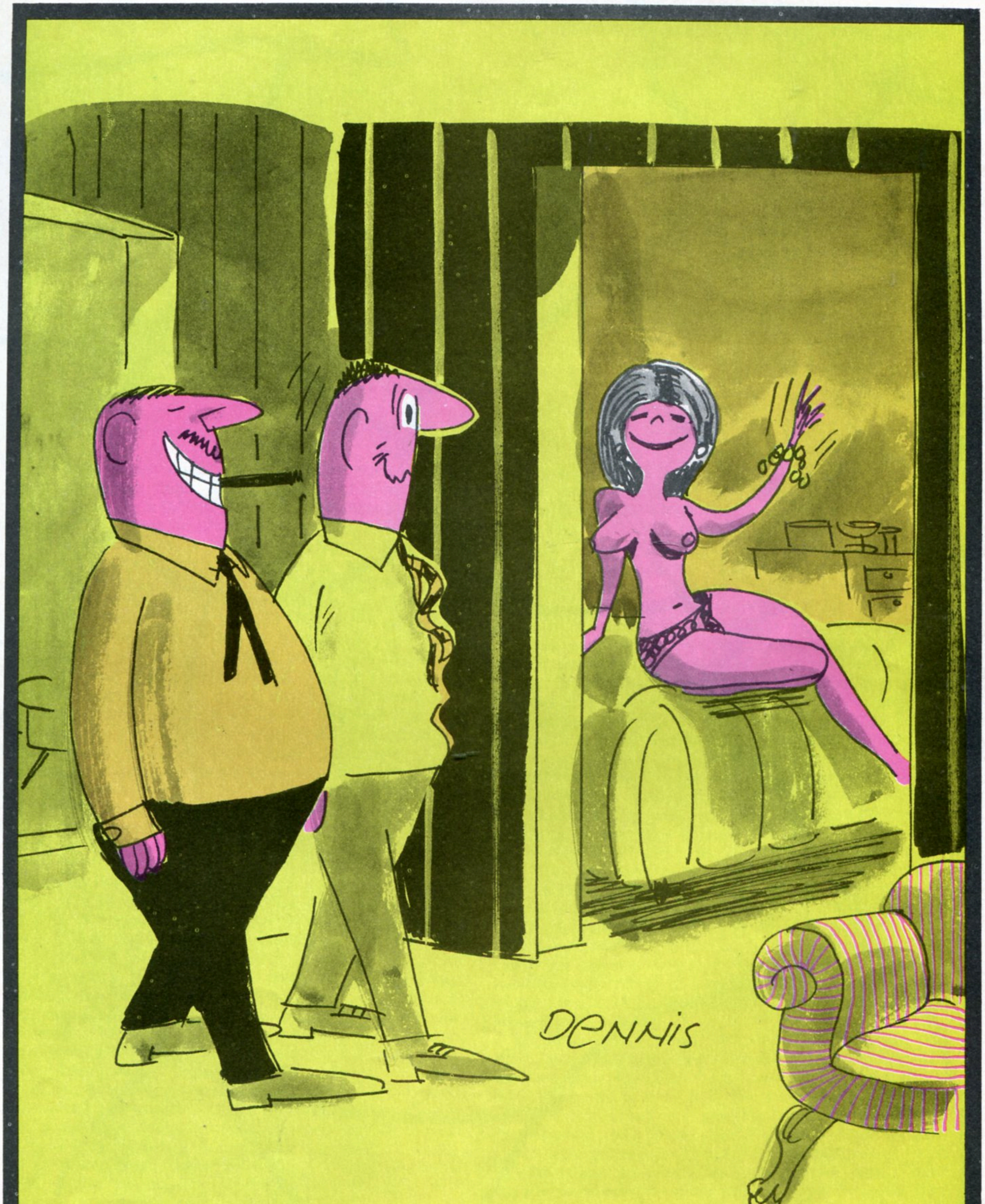
"But, sweetheart, you know very well that in Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

"Snookie! I have a wonderful idea how I can repay you for that mink you gave me this evening."

"Big deal! Who *hasn't* been transported across the state line for immoral purposes!"



"This is the first dollar I ever made — and this is the first doll."



"That's my wife. You'll like her — she's lots of fun."

on Leake

Sex may be here to stay but it doesn't always stay the same

THE CURRENT STATE OF SEX

Frederic Sicher

It's always been a cool fact of life that male and female look at sex from different points of view. He is taken aside by his father, now that he is dating girls or going off to college or into basic training, and admonished: "If you can't be good, son, (ahem!) at least be careful." There follows a light elbow in the ribs punctuated by a lecherous wink, which is the green light for him to go out and get all he can. She, on the other hand, is sent to do battle with whispered warnings echoing in her ear: "Don't let him touch you!" and "That's only for girls who can't get a man any other way." So they ultimately face each other in a car, by a riverbank or on a back porch swing passionately entwined but on opposite sides of the invisible line. He thrusts; she parries. Snorting and rolling his eyes, he charges; executing a deft veronica, she evades. They admire one another's persistence and skill. The field becomes hotly trampled with their cross-purposes. It is a delightful pastime, all in all, and if the end rewards vary, the pleasures of the game itself make it worthwhile. For who can be in doubt, after such inflaming encounters, who wears the skirt and who the pants?

This is the classic view. Regretfully, times change; there is a new trend undermining the simpler values of life. Somehow the old game has lost some of its zing. There seem to be entanglements, not the ones from the old days involved in just saying the right words, which neither of you really believed anyway when it came right down to it, but new ones that fog the brain and cast a pall over the whole thing. As Edward Albee has indignantly written, "You get no satisfaction!" Or, as one Harvard psychologist says, "In contemporary times, sex is full of *angst*."

Angst, schmangst, what's going on? A first step in answering this question means a quick look into Kinsey for some basic facts. *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* was published in 1953 and documents a trend in American sexual behavior which parallels the more visible rise of political and economic freedom for women in this country.

Kinsey presents evidence of:

- increasing female pre-marital intercourse.
- increasing equivalence of male and female in pre-marital petting techniques.
- increasing female extra-marital intercourse.
- decreasing incidence of prostitution (indicating more freedom between the sexes).

In other words, it seems as though the white banner of chastity is disappearing from the field. Furthermore, it is reasonable to assume this trend in sexual equalization has been continuing during the last ten years, since Kinsey compiled the statistics. In fact, a large popular literature has grown around the subject. A week hardly passes without publication of a new study or report. To name just a few, Dr. Ira Reiss in his *Pre-Marital Sex Standards in America* uses a series of fascinating statistics to illustrate how chastity before marriage is becoming a passing standard for women. A popular women's magazine just published a report on "Sex and the College Girl," developing the thesis that a dramatic breakaway from traditional sex habits has occurred. An issue of another magazine coming out in the same week carried an article on "Love and the College Girl" which reached the same basic conclusion. We see headlines which range from dark accusations ("Disgraceful Sex Rampage On Our Campuses") to genteel, titillating inquiries ("Do Nice Girls Do It?"). By now, the decline of chastity and the dawn of a sex revolution in moral values are not startling facts—the popular literature merely reflects the commercial value of calling a spade a spade—but awareness of this is a necessary precondition for understanding other forces at work.

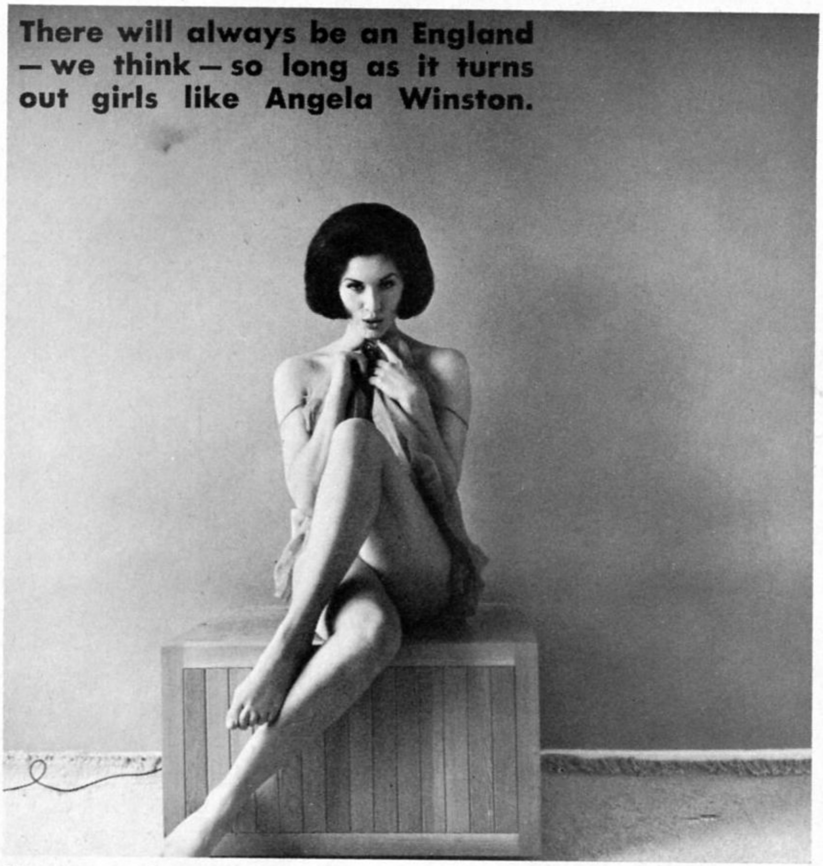
All this sounds great. Or, as 'enry 'iggins in *My Fair Lady* would observe, "Mmmmm. A most eminent improvement, my dear Liza, most!" Yet, the single male on the prowl may find this paradox: he may hear a great deal about the new sex morality, crumbling chastity and that "Nice girls do!", but, when he goes out to eagerly reap the benefits of this benevolent twist of fate, slams just as often into a brick wall. There are just as many mornings when he must honestly face the mirror and mutter, "Well, Fink? So what happened to your share?" He knows there is a new delicious era dawning all around him, but he seems locked out. What, indeed, has happened to his share? The answer is com-

(Continued on page 51)

Greatest Girl in Great Britain

You really haven't lived until you've followed Angela Winston around for a day. We spotted her at a cocktail party for London's avant-garde literary crowd and wondered how she'd look holding something besides a highball and doing something besides flattering authors' egos. We told her of our desire to produce "A Day in the Life of Angela Winston", and as personal secretary to a young novelist whose hours are erratic, she has lots of time on her hands. She said she'd be happy to let us fill it so we ran for our film. Angela insisted on driving us around in her Corvair and in spite of what everyone says, a woman at the wheel – a woman like that, anyway – is not a threat to your masculinity. In fact, we've never felt more so. Since her office is nearby, Angie drops by Hyde Park every day and as we didn't want to break her routine we stopped there first. We could think of lots better things to do than feed pigeons but then they get hungry, too. When Angela

ambled by, even the lovers sat up and took notice. We followed behind, shooing away drooling photographers. After the park we toured her favorite specialty shops and spent an exciting three hours watching Angela try on way-out bikinis. She refused to model a topless one because she believes in leaving something to the imagination. Smart girl. Our imagination was thoroughly satisfied later, though, when she posed for us in less than a topless bathing suit. It takes an unusual girl to handle a temperamental young writer and we can see why he does so well. Angela is uncomfortable around "ordinary, run-of-the-mill people, dullards who do dull things." She would rather spend her time with offbeat, artistic people, so she makes a perfect writer's girl Friday. Her job is definitely not nine-to-five. She spends hours discussing plot angles with her boss and hours more calming him down. "Writers need coddling. Sometimes I work from 12 – a.m. – to seven and sometimes for a whole weekend. He needs me around even on vacations



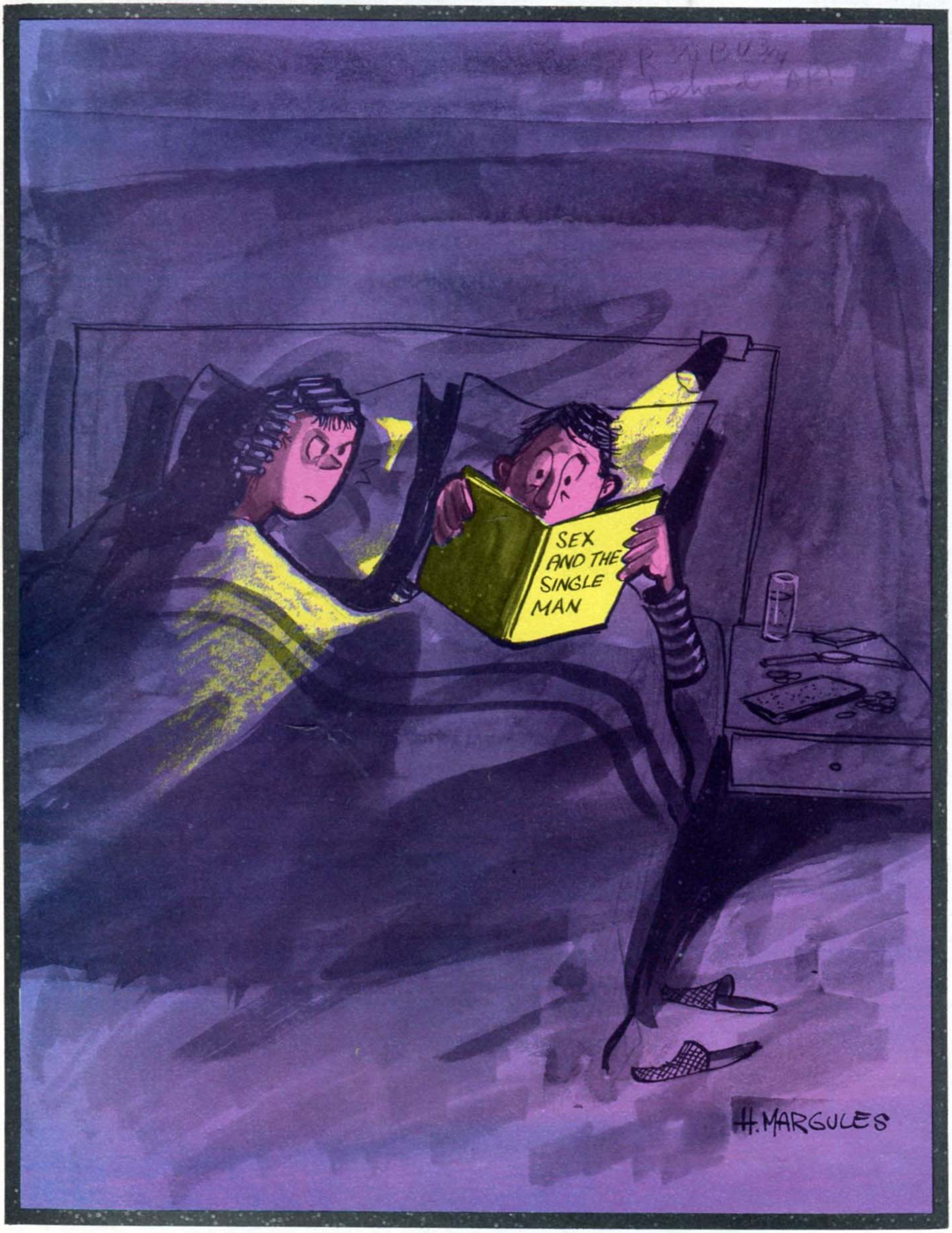
There will always be an England — we think — so long as it turns out girls like Angela Winston.

in case he gets an idea he wants to dictate." Since writers tend to run around with writers, Angela meets a lot of fascinating people. "I'm a sort of hanger-on, I guess, but they're the only ones who excite me." Does she have literary ambitions of her own? She said she has thought of someday using her boss's discarded plots, but "not until I'm old and grey, when there's nothing else to do." In other words, not for a long time. Like most British girls she's fascinated by "the Yard" and would like to try her luck at detective stories. "I love the ones where the heroine is beautiful, good and pure until the very end when she turns out to be a monstrous murderess." Witty, a little wicked and highly adventurous, Angela is always on the go – looking for the action. She has no intentions of settling down until she's met everyone worth meeting "and that's a long way off since I'm only 23." You can figure on about 10 years of sensuous, scintillating, SINGLE Angela. With a spark of wisdom, she says she knows the "right one" probably won't be a writer. "He'll probably be some dull, run-of-the-mill barrister or something." She's certainly in no hurry to find him. Asked, inevitably, how she feels about American men, Angela paused for a minute and said, "I've only met some of your writers – Norman Mailer, Phillip Roth, James Baldwin – and you can't call them representative of American males, I don't think." What I know of the others, I like, except they're always in such a hurry. Whatever they're after, can certainly wait!" Meanwhile, Angela continues her own hectic life. Three times a week she attends a literary appreciation course, "so I can become a better critic," and once a month she crosses the Channel – says Paris is the only place she can throw off her British inhibitions. "If I couldn't do that once in a while, I'd go out of my head." Wherever she goes, whatever she does, it's great fun to watch her. We repeat, you haven't lived until you've seen the greatest girl in great old Britain.

Fashions For Fall

For whiling away a bright autumn day with your favorite blonde, DAMON lets you relax in style. All Italian imports, his new sweaters with the layered look make you more than just well-dressed. Each is styled and detailed imaginatively with an eye to color. Shown ABOVE, left, is a kelly and white mock-shirted cardigan in Zephyr wool. Covered buttons taper down to points for a suave, continental look. Retails at about $32.50. With DAMON'S suede and wool combo, BOTTOM, left, you can say goodbye to those scratchy sweaters she didn't like to get close to. The collarless, long-sleeved jacket-sweater is of soft beige suede and double knit wool. The crossover, no-button shape is accentuated by unique closings on side. At about $65. When it's time to change but the occasion is still informal, slip on the bold red plaid all wool sportcoat by CRICKETEER, OPPOSITE. Very much IN this fall, the natural shoulder model has deep side vents, slant flap pockets and retails at about $40. All shirts are by SERO of New Haven. Tie by DAMON.

Good for a second look from the girls are these three selections from DAMON'S exciting new sportswear line. Discovered by Hollywood's new crop of fashionable stars, the brave new look has begun to sweep aside the more conservative trends of the East and Middle West. Wherever you are, you'll look better than ever this fall in sweaters by DAMON.


SEX AND THE SINGLE MAN
H. MARGULES

THE CURRENT STATE OF SEX

(Continued from page 37)

plicated.

The fact is, an increase in permissiveness is occurring only at certain social levels. Findings from the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University reveal some interesting patterns. Among single males, as you go down the social class scale, there is an increasing occurrence of sexual experience at an earlier age. A single male who goes on to become a semiskilled worker is more than ten times as likely to have intercourse by the time he is sixteen as the boy who goes to college and joins the professional or upper social levels. Yet, with women, this situation is reversed. Premarital sex experience is more widespread among the upper level women than among those from lower educational levels. Only 30 per cent of the women who do not go beyond grade school have had intercourse when they marry – the vast majority are virgins – whereas 60 per cent of the girls who go to college, twice as many, reject the idea of chastity before marriage.

The main reason for this seeming contradiction of fact is that couples from the lower levels marry earlier. There is less actual time between puberty and marriage and, therefore, less time for a buildup of frustration and pre-marital transgression. The fact that nearly every lower level male has experienced intercourse by the time he is sixteen or seventeen does not mean an equal number of girls from the same level have also experienced it. Relations are confined to prostitutes and a minority of girls who are not prostitutes but who are exchanged as sex partners. There is, in addition, a surprising insistence among men at this level, considering their own sexual freedom, that the girl they court and marry should be a virgin. Sex is regarded as quite natural, but there is no middle ground between chaste innocence and being one of the promiscuous minority who is passed around. Thus, at this level a fairly rigid double standard of morality thrives. The women, according to a study done by Social Research Inc., are generally afraid of men, regard themselves as submissive, dependent partners with a clear-cut, inferior role, and continue having adolescent romance fantasies throughout much of their married life. In other words, although there is a great deal of sexual activity at this level, the sexes remain at wide extremes in their outlook. There is little common ground, and it is not here where the increase in permissiveness is taking place.

The trend in permissiveness is occurring among the higher educated single men and women. There are at least four pressures of modern life, in addition to the simple biological one, which force this trend along within and around us.

1. *Extended Schooling.* The average length of education has been increasing, which means the vision of marriage and "proper" gratification recedes into the distance for more and more students. Some must look forward to the prospect of graduate school, followed by a tour of duty in the army, followed by an attempt to get established. A dramatic result of this barren view of the future has been the creation of a new kind of marriage among students: one in which the parents subsidize some of the basic necessities and wifey is the breadwinner, so that the husband can be free to pursue his degree. This is one solution. Many men don't go along with it, wanting at least to be economically independent before taking on the responsibilities of marriage. This sort of independence usually does not occur nowadays until the middle or late twenties . . . a long time to live without an outlet for urges that date back to puberty.

2. *Substitute Lovemaking.* The pattern of steady dating from junior high school on up has developed in our society to provide substitute gratification. It might be argued that this pattern acts as a blowtorch to ignite already smoldering frustrations. Certainly, it focuses intimacy on more intense experimentation with fewer partners, so that by the time they reach college both sexes have had elaborate practice and achieved a high proficiency in the ability to stimulate one another. The cultural lag between puberty and marriage is so pronounced with college students that petting techniques are cultivated to a high art. "French" kissing and petting to climax in a variety of ways are part of the common fund of experience. When a date includes partial or complete disrobing and the achievement of sexual climax, virginity becomes a technicality, sometimes a matter of inches. To be involved to this extent is not to be so much a virgin as a passionate apprentice. In such close relationships, there develops a fine sensitivity to the other person's needs and mutual sympathy for a common frustration as they hover at the brink again and again. One can imagine it becomes – like refusing water in the middle of the Sahara – a rather cruel self-torture.

3. *Advertisements for Sex.* The mass of publicity that surrounds us with sexual theme – forthright, subtle, lewd, aberrant or scientific – has an effect on the very people who are the source of much of the discussion. Just as the abundance of marriage manuals defeat their own purpose by making husbands and wives overly preoccupied with what they should be doing, so the popular media feed back to hapless novices an image of promiscuity which both sexes come to feel is *de rigeur.* With a little peer-group pressure, what started out as the first tentative rebellion against a Victorian moral tradition is artificially accelerated and distorted until it produces conformist behavior, the "I'd-better-get-with-it" feeling. This applies to both sexes. One magazine article relates the story of a co-ed who boasted the intimate details of her sexual affairs in a round table discussion only to confess to the discussion leader – when the other girls had left – she had been lying to *save* her reputation. This, of course, has always been true for men. The single male will find no support in our culture, with the exception of certain religious groups, for maintaining his virginity. The novel fact is that, now, among some groups of women coercive pressures are forcing stated sexual values (as opposed to privately held, more conservative values) to the opposite extreme. You either "get with it" or risk ostracism.

Besides fostering conformity, the taunting of sexual inhibitions in the mass media also reveals the very clear gap between private indulgence and public lip-service to the attitude of denial. This can produce the cynical "If-I-can-get-away-with-it-then-why-shouldn't-I ?" feeling. Hypocrisy is the order of the day. Of course, the mass media are used as a convenient whipping post on this score. The hypocrisy really lies in the audience response – a sudden light thrown on our own pretensions and deeply entrenched mores which we prefer to relegate to dank places in our minds.

4. *Need for Intimacy.* There has been a great deal said in recent years

about the lonely individual in modern, urban society. He is pictured as a confused wretch who faces complex choices in a mobile world in which he is pushed along by a constant, phony personalization in his race for status. He is inoculated by so many external pressures to feel appropriate emotions at appropriate times that he often has no idea what his own feelings are. The sociologist David Riesman even popularized the term, anomie, to characterize his feeling of meaninglessness and lack of affect. Out of any meaningful contact with himself and others around him, he craves intimacy and the reassurance of closeness with another human being.

A primary symbol of intimacy is sex. For many lonely people it is an attempt to establish or validate an emotional tie. Although it may not always be seen as such, it is used as a means to an end, especially among those at upper educational levels. For those at lower levels, according to the findings of the Institute for Sex Research, sex tends to be an end in itself.

Perhaps no other group as much as college students — in the final throes of a search for identity—would feel this need for seeking intimacy so strongly. As the Institute has found, "upper level males tend to have their pre-marital intercourse with a fiance or one woman . . . whereas, in some cases lower level males have intercourse with several hundred or even a thousand or more girls in their pre-marital relations." The need for intimacy among those at upper levels is a driving force, whether it is called love, affection, trust, admiration or whatever, and the pattern of steady dating with one partner for long periods reflects the need among students for more than sheer sex. Where intimacy or the pursuit of it exists and is formalized with a material token of permanence (at least permanent for a little while, such as an engagement ring or fraternity pin, the odds of preserving virginity fall rather low. The most daring intimacies rarely occur on casual dates; they occur between people, at this educational level, who have made pledges to each other of one kind or another. This is where permissiveness is gaining ground.

As the Journal of the National Association of Women's Deans and Counselors concludes, "The old goal, chastity before marriage, has been replaced by a new one, chastity until engagement." Margaret Mead, the noted anthropologist, has also remarked on this trend in "Sex on the Campus: The Real Issue" in Redbook magazine, saying, "The most important thing in the world is to get young people married, it seems. Pre-marital sex and pre-marital conception, as a means to this end, have become acceptable." Of course, many engagements do not end in marriage but are consummated, nevertheless, just as many couples who are merely pinned pre-empt the same pleasures in their eagerness and then just as rapidly become unpinned.

Thus, due in the main to these four recent pressures, there is a growing segment of the female population at this upper level who are taking the new, single standard of permissiveness with affection.. Nice girls *do*, all right, but under fairly specific circumstances. The answer to the question, "Where's my share?", is: all around you and especially on the campus. Naturally, there's a catch. The smart man will invest in a few engagement rings or at least fraternity pins and prepare himself for a series of extended, emotional pulls. None of it need lead to marriage; the key is to put something more in it than just sex, to take time and develop some mutual understanding. You might even make a friend, and the odds are the statistics will grab hold of you before you can say "passionate apprentice".

It is, however, a sad, accessory fact that even once the gates are unlocked all may not be as carefree as expected. We suffer from a society that is both sex-stimulating and sex-repressing. The four pressures described as contributing to the increase of pre-marital sexual freedom even in the accomplishment of the act itself run smack into uncertainties and fears based on the old sex morality.

Interestingly, the central agent of these difficulties is the male ego. Some opinion to the contrary, men are the dominant half of the species in our society. We have created a pleasant arrangement so that most of us have relations with more than one woman in our lifetime, whereas most women have relations with only one man. Although this could not have been very flattering to their egos, we have conditioned women to accept this until now a virginal bride may actually take pride in having a masculine, "experienced" husband. So be it. However, try as we might to ignore it, the time has come when women would like a little of the same freedom. It is not women who are insisting upon chastity, as seen from Kinsey's statistics; it is men! The actual statistics from the Institute for Sex Research show that more than half of the men who go to college insist on marrying a virgin. One would expect a more liberal attitude from these enlightened upper level males (only 41 per cent from the lower levels insist on a chaste bride.). Whatever revolution in sex morality is occurring among the college people, it is not being helped along by male attitudes on the subject. It is, in fact, being hindered by those "enlightened" males who want to have their cake and eat it, too, who, as pointed out in the subtitle of this article, want to sleep with my sister but don't want me to sleep with theirs. Such old-guard adherence to the double standard is a very human attitude, but hardly in the spirit of permissiveness. As Doctors Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen report in *Sex Histories of American College Men,* "It seems as if the male sex has not had sufficient time to assimilate these changes in the sexual behavior pattern of women . . . (it is) a source of trouble in many heterosexual relationships."

Too many men want intimacy and understanding, sexual freedom and gratification, restraint and virtue, all from the same girl. The same man who pressures the girl to whom he is pinned into bed, dislikes discovering that another girl who has become his fiance has had previous experience. His ego may prove inconsolable when he realizes he has not been her one and only, yet she doesn't blink an eye when he tells her how he's been around.

Disrespect for a single woman's sexual experience is, in the end, self-defeating. Her lover's scorn for giving in or the ultimate loss of his love are her greatest fears. To further her anxiety, if she fails to give in she may lose him anyway. Most women at this level simply want the same freedom men have. They would prefer nothing more than to be free of the guilt and shame associated with pre-marital intercourse which is kept alive by ambivalent male values. It remains for the men to gather their courage and generously free them.

There is one further consideration in examining the current state of permissiveness. The complications of the moral issue cause a doubly destructive frame of mind during a sexual encounter because they defeat efforts to achieve intimacy, that necessary psychological ingredient in modern day sex. Although both desire intimacy, the substance may elude them because of the doubts and uncertainties both are reluctant to express. Such mutual self-deception can make the act a search for an experience of closeness which both sense is false. They pretend feelings they are not free to feel. This may or may not detract from the mechanical production of biological pleasures, but it probably adds considerable anxiety and awkwardness to an experience which can flow naturally like honey.

Add to these subtle, modern insecurities the customary worries . . .

- fear of pregnancy
- limited satisfaction due to inexperience
- fear of being discovered
- fear that it will lower chances for marriage (for the girl)

. . . and one wonders how a trend in permissiveness got off the ground anyway. But, it is.

Moral of the story: if you find *angst* in your pants, relax, dad, you're not alone.

HOW NOT TO CHOOSE A MISTRESS

(Continued from page 31)

and chops girl. She was strictly the casserole type. By maybe 9:30 p.m., she'd have the casserole in the oven and ask you if you wanted another drink.

You'd feebly gasp, "Yes," and she'd go through the business of getting out the ice cubes again. After serving your drink, she'd take your dirty ash tray away, empty it, and wash it. She'd come back, and sit in a chair opposite you on which her fanny reposed at least six inches lower than her knees, give you the "I've got to get comfortable" bit, and take off her nylons, while displaying vistas for venery. But, when you walked over to try to promote the issue, you were told, "Let's not start anything now. The casserole will be ready soon."

Why go on? The casserole eventually was ready, and was eaten. And then, of course, the dishes had to be washed. And the apartment straightened out again. And the convertible sofa made into a bed. And her outfit for the next day had to be laid out across her dressing table before she finally could be laid out on the bed.

After that, it was good. But it was also now about three o'clock in the morning, and the both of you had to get up at seven to be at work. When it was going good, she'd say, "No more tonight. After all, the alarm clock will be going off any time."

But, when it was going bad, because you were too bleary-eyed to care, she'd say, "Don't quit now. Which is more important to you — that damned alarm clock, or me?"

And she always had the clincher in any argument: — "Look, Jay, this is my apartment and you're actually just a guest here. If you don't want to do things my way, you're always welcome to leave."

Which is just what I did, at four o'clock one morning when she was snoring and talking in her sleep. It was summer, and I went up to Block Island for a week to rest and recuperate.

But, it takes a long time to learn. I went to a cocktail party at the Hotel Biltmore, given by the New York alumni chapter of my university. And, I met Carlotta — a red head with green eyes — five feet six and slim — with wonderful muscles.

We hit it off extremely well, and when the party started breaking up at around ten o'clock, I suggested we go somewhere for another drink and something to eat.

"Why not come to my place?" she asked.

"Why not?"

We walked out of the hotel onto 43rd Street, and I asked, "Shall I get a cab?"

"Oh, no. Come this way."

She led me East, and down the long flight of steps into the street level floor of Grand Central Station. "I thought I told you," she said, smiling sweetly, "I work in the city — but I live in Scarsdale."

Well, at that hour of the night, only local trains were running to Scarsdale, and everybody was either reading a newspaper or sound asleep and snoring. By the time we got there forty-five minutes later, my mouth was dry, I was half asleep, and I wasn't feeling very romantic.

She had a convertible waiting at the station, and we drove to a split-level house half-way up a hill. She said, "Slip out and stand there in the shadows. I'll put the car away and then you can come in through the garage."

There was a certain clandestine charm to it, and I woke up rapidly.

Once inside the house, I had to wait until she pulled down the venetian blinds before she turned on the lights. She excused herself, went upstairs, and came down after slipping into something that was seraglio-pink and much more comfortable.

We had Tennessee sipping whiskey, and she had the most expensive sounding hi-fi I have ever heard, and the most seductive records to play on it. And it was a short way to the bedroom — especially if you took the steps two at a time.

This one behaved like she'd given up everything else for Lent, and had missed Mardi Gras besides. But, just when I was about to sink off into the best kind of sleep there is, she pinched my rib cage.

"Again?" I asked.

"No. You'll have to get up and get dressed. You walk two blocks down to the corner of the main street, and I'll call a cab, and he'll pick you up there. That way, you can make the last train back to the city."

"To the city? When the hell does it get there?"

"I don't know. I guess about two o'clock in the morning."

"But, I like it here."

"I know. And, I like to have you here. But I wouldn't want the neighbors to see you leaving in broad daylight. Under the terms of my divorce, my ex-husband has to maintain this house for me. But, if somebody saw you and talked, he'd be able to throw me out on my can. Please, Jay, get going."

"Why don't you stay in the city with me tomorrow night?"

She wrapped her arms around me and pushed against me, abdomen-to-abdomen. "Know any place as nice as this?"

"I guess not."

"Come back tomorrow. Take a train after the rush is over. Take a cab to two blocks away and then walk the rest of the way over. It will be worth it."

And this went on for a few weeks. She was great — make no mistake about that. But my life slowly turned into a shambles. Work all day. Ride the train to Scarsdale after the rush hour was over. Sneak into her split level for a couple of hours. Then, sneak out and take a late train back to

(Continued on page 76)

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN LOVE CONQUERS ALL—EVEN ADULTERY

The Wicked Husband & the Gentle Wife

RIBALD CLASSIC BY MARGARET OF NAVARRE

There was at Tours a handsome and discreet wife who, for her virtues, was not only loved but feared by her husband. However, as husbands are frail and often grow tired of always eating good bread, her husband fell in love with one of his tenant farmer's daughters. He used frequently to go from Tours to visit his sweetheart, always remained there two or three days, and always came back so jaded and out of sorts that his poor wife had trouble to set him up again. But no sooner was he himself once more than back he would go to where pleasure made him forget all his ailments. His wife, who loved his life and health above all things, seeing him always come back in such a bad plight, went to the farm, where she found the young woman whom her husband loved, and said to her, not angrily, but in the gentlest manner possible, that she knew her husband often visited her, but was sorry she treated him so badly as to invariably send him home ill. The poor girl, constrained by respect for her mistress and by the force of the truth, had not courage to deny the fact, and besought pardon. The wife desired to see the room and the bed in which her husband slept. The room struck her as so cold and dirty that she was struck by pity and sent straightway for a good bed, fine blankets, sheets and counterpane after her husband's taste. She had the room made clean and neat and hung with tapestry, gave the woman a handsome service of plate, a pipe of good wine, sweetmeats and confections, and begged her in the future not to send her husband back to her in so brokendown a condition.

It was not long before the husband went back to see the girl as usual, and great was his surprise to find the sorry room become so neat, but still greater was it when she gave him a silver cup to drink out of. He asked her where it came from, and the poor woman told him with tears that it was his wife who, pitying his poor entertainment, had thus furnished the house, enjoining her to be careful of his health. Struck by the great goodness of his wife, who thus returned so much good for so much evil, the gentleman reproached himself for ingratitude as great as his wife's generosity. He gave his girl money, begged her thenceforth to live like an honest woman, and went back to his wife. He confessed the whole truth to her and told her that her gentleness and goodness had withdrawn him from a bad course, from which it was impossible he should ever have escaped by any other means. And forgetting the past they lived thenceforth together in great peace and concord.

THE "NEW" AMERICAN CALL GIRL

(Continued from page 28)

my first husband. But I have doubts. I'm not much on housework and kids. Maybe I'll get married when I'm older. I'll probably go into some sort of business — personnel or model agency when I've saved enough money.

Wendy: I'd like to get married. I have some sort of romantic idea of what marriage should be — but none of my married friends seem to enjoy it. Pretty awful, the way they live and most of them are separated — or should be.

Question: *You speak of friends. Do they know about your "profession."*

Bobbi: No. You'd be surprised how easy it is to be discreet in New York. They just think I'm a playgirl — more worldly than most. All of them, and my family, too, are always trying to fix me up.

Wendy: My family thinks I condense books for a publisher in Chicago. It's a good cover — and I do it through one of my regulars who is a Chicago publisher. Like Bobbi says, it's easy to be discreet. I've even double-dated with some of my married friends with one of my regulars. They'd flip if they thought he was married — think that I was really being taken for a fool. Secretly they envy me.

Question: *Have you ever been under psychoanalysis?*

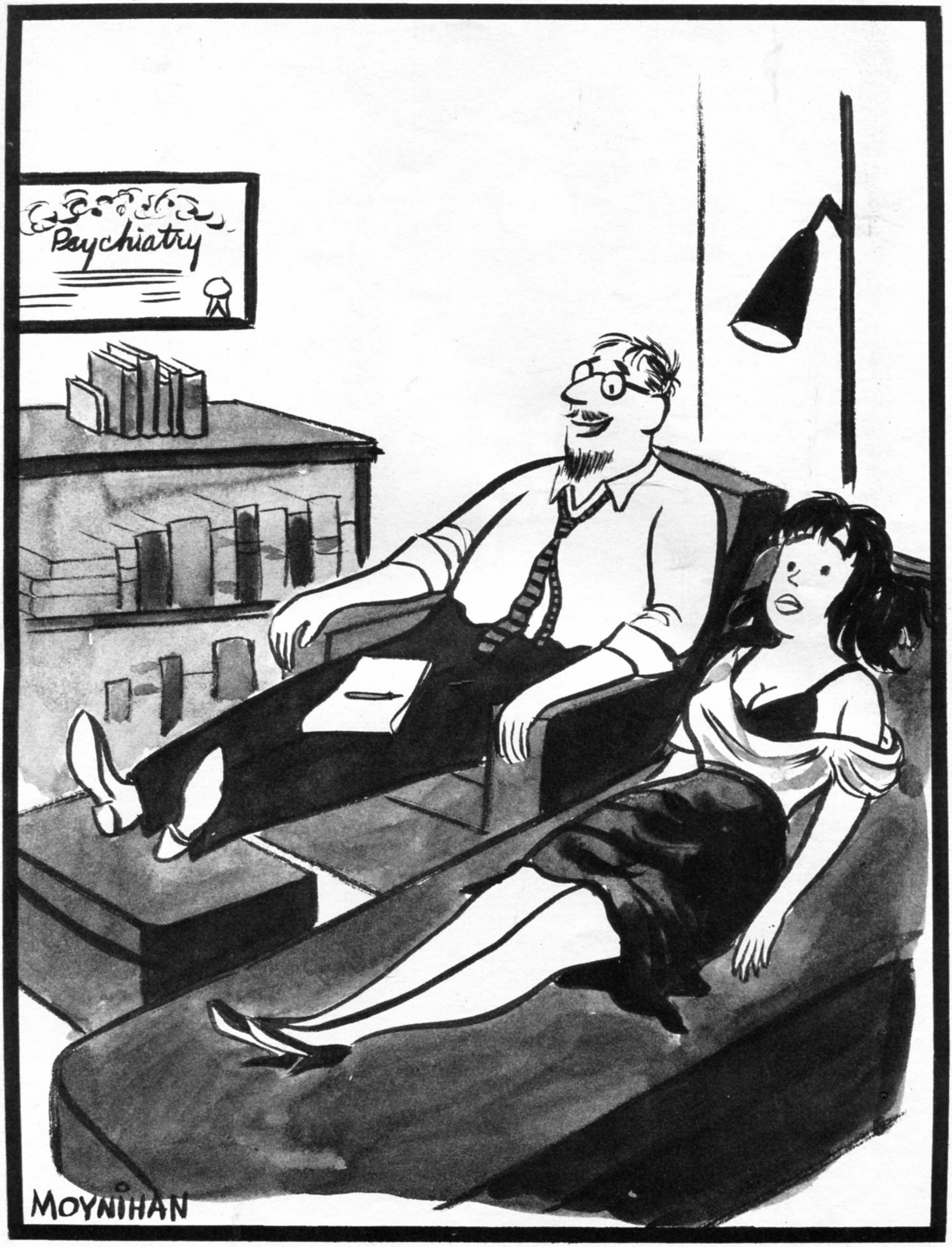
Bobbi: No.

Wendy: I was. But I found that I couldn't be honest with him. And if I went on, I'd probably start feeling guilty about my way of life, and for the present, I wouldn't want to do that.

According to James Collier, in his study of the call girl, "the business of high priced prostitution is a complex involving three human elements: the girl, the kept man, and the 'John' ***. Each supplies something the other needs and each gets something for himself or herself, physically and emotionally."

*** underworld parlance for a prostitute's customer

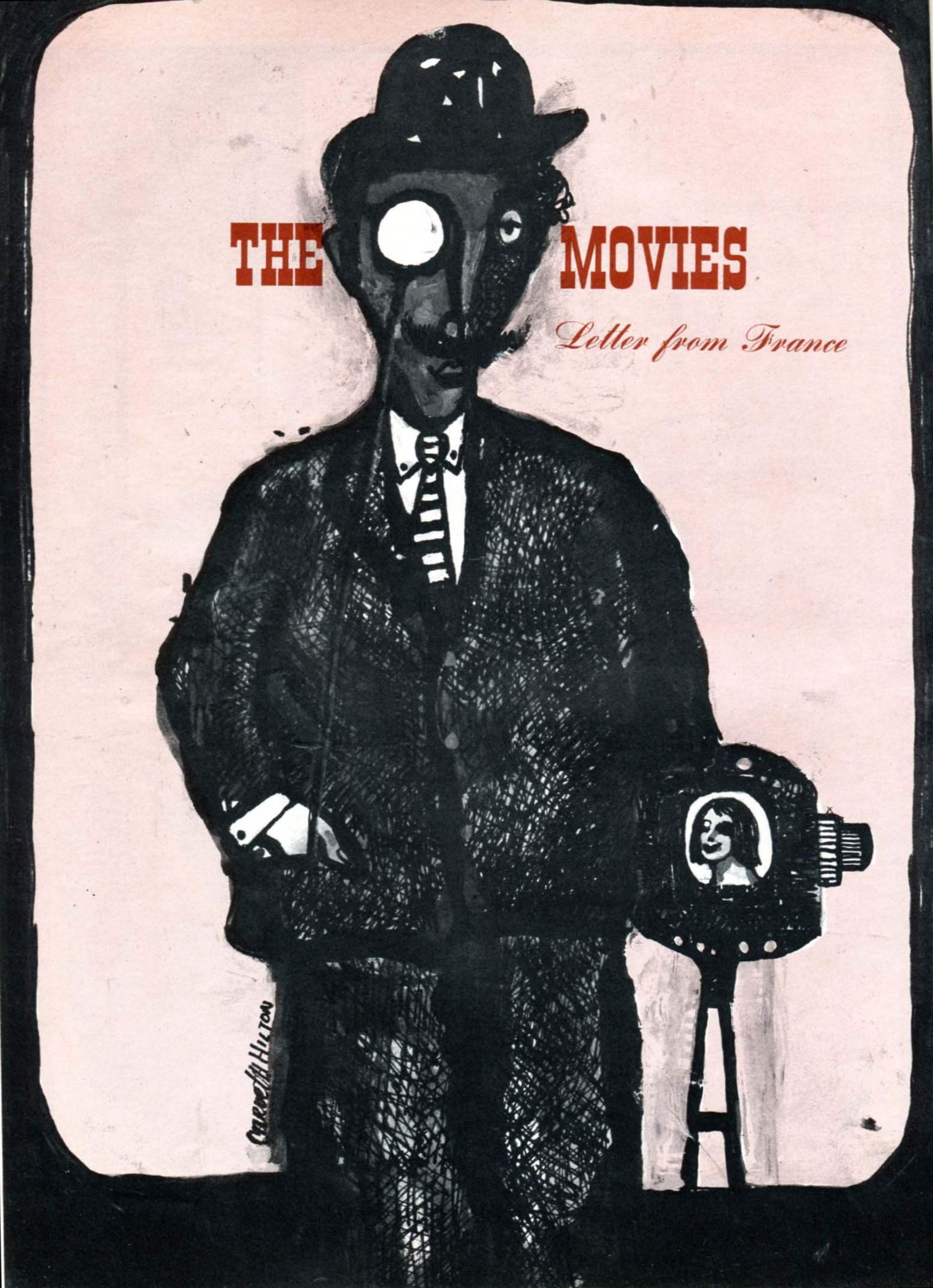
"When you told me you were going to show me the bright lights — I had something else in mind."



"That takes care of my problem — what's your's?"

THE MOVIES

Letter from France



NANCY PROTTER

Jacques Demy's technicolor musical, *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg,* emerged as the top film of the XVIIth Cannes Film Festival. The Grand Prize winner, noted as the first French production with a sung dialogue, features a score by Michel Legrand. It stars Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo as the young lovers who become separated by war and time. Filmed against the colorful background of Cherbourg, the picture also captured the Catholic Prize along with the Brazilian film, *Barren Lives.*

The prize for the best actress was given jointly to two Americans, Anne Bancroft for her performance in the British film, *The Pumpkin Eater,* and to Barbara Barrie for her role as the white woman who marries a Negro in the American movie, *One Potato, Two Potato.*

The prize for the best actor was also awarded jointly to Antal Pager for his performance in the Hungarian entry, *The Lark,* and to Saro Urzi for his role as the father in Pietro Germi's *Seduced and Abandoned,* the Italian entry.

A special jury prize went to the Japanese film *Suna No Onna* and the Polish entry, *The Passenger* was unanimously praised by the eleven-member jury.

The award for the best short film was shared by Francois Reichenbach's documentary about the life of a typical village in central France, *La Douceur du Village,* and by the Japanese entry *Le Prix de la Victoire.* Another study of French village life, *Sillages,* directed by Serge Roullet, shared the special jury prize for a short film with the American comedy, *Help! My Snowman is Burning Down!*

PARIS SCREEN SCENE

Jean Gabin's latest film is doing brisk business in Paris. Having played everything from aristocrats to tramps during his long career of seventy-five films, Gabin easily transforms himself from rich banker to a humble and smiling valet in his latest vehicle directed by Jean-Paul Le Chanois. He pulls the strings of the plot based on a play by Claude Gevel with the aid of Mireille Darc, Philippe Noiret and German actress Liselotte Pulver.

Greed in The Sun titled in France *Cent Mille Dollars au Soleil,* is a big attraction in the French capital, where the films of Henri Verneuil are always welcome by an appreciative audience eager for the kind of adventure he supplied in *Any Number Can Win.* The film to be distributed here by M.G.M., stars Jean-Paul Belmondo, Lino Ventura, Reginald Kerman, Bernard Blier and Andrea Parisy, who take part in a thrilling desert chase 1,000 miles across the Sahara.

One of the colorful features of Philippe de Broca's *That Man From Rio,* a strong box office attraction in France, is that it was filmed in Brazil in an off-beat native setting which lends authenticity to this fun-filled adventure. The action revolves around Francoise Dorléac, who has been kidnapped under mysterious circumstances, and Jean-Paul Belmondo, her dauntless fiancé who flies off in pursuit.

PRODUCTION NOTES

One of the most talked-about productions to get underway in France, *Angelique, Marquise des Anges* is a film which portrays a familiar figure to millions of Frenchmen. Angelique is the tempestuous heroine of a glittering series of adventures which first appeared as a serial in the press. Conceived by Ann and Serge Golon, the romantic vicissitudes of Angelique soon became a major drawing power of an important Parisian daily before becoming an international best-seller.

To play the coveted title role, director Bernard Borderie sought "someone capable of being in turn dramatic, funny and sensual." Michèle Mercier, already well known on the international cinema front through such films as *Shoot the Piano Player,* seemed to have all the qualifications. Robert Hossein, Claude Giraud and Jean Rochefort are some of the actors featured in the production, which is scheduled for shooting in Paris and the French provinces, as well as at Rome's Cinecitta, where the Pont Neuf will be reconstructed as it formally stood. Set in the time of Louis XIV, the story was adopted for the screen by Claude Brulé with dialogues furnished by Daniel Boulanger.

Robert Hossein is the busiest person on the set of *Les Yeux Cernes,* since he is its director, its star and scenarist. The suspense vehicle whose ending will be kept secret as long as possible, takes place in Tyrol, Austria, where a powerful industrialist is murdered. His wife, played by Michèle Morgan, soon becomes the victim of blackmail. Robert Hossein plays an engineer and friend of the widow while Marie-France Pisier is the jealous and passionate young girl who has a decisive role in the plot. Hossein has recently played opposite Brigitte Bardot in *Love on a Pillow.*

Patate, the popular stage hit which ran for several years in Paris, is being transferred to the screen by Robert Thomas, the man responsible for another successful adaptation of a play, *La Bonne Soupe.* The famous Marcel Achard comedy began shooting at Cannes during Festival time, with rising young star Sylvie Vartan in the lead role. A fledgling member of the flock of teen-age pop singers who have recently come to the fore, Sylvie Vartan has to her credit *D'où Viens-tu Johnny?* and *Cherchez L'ldole.* In *Patate* she will make her debut as a serious actress, performing with the more experienced Danielle Darrieux, Jean Marais, Anne Vernon and Pierre Dux.

Christian-Jaque is winding up his sixtieth film, which he adapted from a novel by Vahé Katcha with the collaboration of Henri Jeanson, *Le Rep as des Fauves,* a wry look at what happens to people engulfed by fear. The film is set in a French provincial town during the German occupation, as seven friends come together to celebrate a birthday. In the middle of the festivities, two German soldiers are shot down in the street outside. The Gestapo arrive and announce that they must produce from their number two hostages. The rest of the action relates the tensions which mount during this *Meal of Wild Beasts* when everyone finds an excuse why he should not volunteer.

Though it is a grim story, it is interspersed with moments of comic relief because "you need to give the audience an occasional safety valve," says the director. Christian-Jaque contrasts his latest opus with his previous *If All the Guys in the World* where people had a common denominator of good will. Here the common denominator is fear — and what fear reveals about each man's character. Playing major roles in this gripping drama are Francis Blanche, Claude Rich, Dominique Paturel and France Anglade.

(*Continued from page* 20)

Brendan Behan, the most famous Wild Irishman of recent years, certainly had no use for the cops. No hipster in the big-city sense of the word, he was hip in his own special way. As a boy he planted I.R.A. bombs in crowded English cities and joked about it nearly twenty years later. To him, whatever good there was in miserable humanity seemed to reside mostly in the slum sections of large cities, in the jails and brothels and low bars. His whores and crooks seldom had hearts of pure gold, but whatever they were, they were much better than the rich and the policemen the rich hired to keep them in their "place." Those who belong to the Behan Branch of the B Cult are all anarchists at heart. Like all B Cultists they revere the impulsive gesture, the non-thinking act. Like Behan himself, this sometimes gets them into trouble with the law, the powers that be. To knock off a policeman's hat is a small declaration of independence to the Behan Cultist. To heave a brick through a liquor store window to get a bottle of whiskey is to make like Nathan Hale. All Behan Cultists have loads of fun until some unsmiling judge delivers an ultimatum or they get married and buy a cooperative apartment. The Behan Cultists are strong in New York City. Many are old Dylan Thomas Fans who switched allegiance when Behan came roistering along.

As a member of the famous Bs, Samuel Beckett has been losing some followers since about 1959, but there is a small hard core of Beckett-ites who will remain faithful even unto death. Perhaps it does seem a bit silly to put Beckett into the same gondola with Bogart, Brando and Bardot, but the B Cult really is like that. Many of Bogart's Harvard Fans are also hipped on Beckett and his nightmare creations. Indeed, there are rumors that even at this moment there is one Harvard graduate student who is preparing a scholarly work to be called *Bogart and Beckett: A Study in Attitudes*. As a B Cult leader, Beckett is still big in France and , to a lesser degree in Sweden and Denmark. For some reason, he has fallen off badly in Ireland in recent years. In the United States he is still well liked by Midwestern professors and New York actors with one year at City College.

Marlon Brando and Brigitte Bardot, like Beckett, have lost some of their popularity as B Cult leaders —

HOW TO WRITE MORE INTERESTING ALIMONY CHECKS

(Continued from page 24)

had been a slip-up somewhere and that I would make full restitution. I then would take all my ex-wives out to lunch and we would all return home happily.

But something was missing and I felt it. I soon began to stifle half yawns while making out the alimony checks and I feared a relapse into my old boredom and the resulting chaos. Another drastic change was called for, and being now mellowed by the passage of years, I resolved that this time I would make salient changes and develop alimony check writing into a predictable science. I was certain that such a step would enhance the lives of many people and become a constructive hobby.

I ruled out multi-colored checks, inks and envelopes as passing fancies and looked for something cultural, rewarding, and of a more permanent nature.

The "mature period" came into being as a result of an unexpected rather than a planned occurence. One evening I had a bad dream concerning my first wife and I felt that I should tell her about it. As I prepared her Saturday check, I searched for writing paper but, finding none, I decided to write the message, a short one, directly on the face of the check. So, on the left of the check, in the space reserved for the itemization of bills being paid, I wrote in my message: "I had a horrible nightmare yesterday—I dreamt you came back to me!"

As time went on, I found it convenient to write my short messages on the checks themselves, instead of appending a note or talking by telephone. For a busy man this new system was ideal. So, in succeeding weeks I wrote such comments as "My girl friend sends her love" (to my third ex-wife), "I never believed in God before, but now that you've gone, I do!" (to my recently divorced fourth wife), "Once again, thanks for leaving" (to my second ex-wife).

Usually when the first of the month arrived and I paid my bills, on each check I would state the item being paid or, in the case of services I would note "for services rendered" or something of that sort. Once, when sending a check to my second ex-wife, I realized that I had no message to send along and, now becoming accustomed to these little communications, I felt that both my ex-wife and myself would be disappointed with the same, uninteresting check so I resolved to write something anyway and chose "for services rendered." Somehow, this didn't look right because the alimony payment was not being made for services rendered to me. I solved the problem by lengthening it to read, "for services rendered—to someone else." Surveying it closely I decided that it was satisfactory and dispatched it.

The results of my originality and imagination were gratifying. Two of my ex-darlings called me, giving me the impression that they thought that my little remarks were quite clever because they referred to them as "cute," and "smart." In fact, one of my wives (I forget which one) said that I was "wise." One can excuse me for beaming with pride at these compliments.

I was now encouraged to go on to bigger things. And then it happened!

One night I was relaxing at home, reading a book of famous literary quotations when I came across this one by Cervantes:

"All women are good—good for nothing."

Although it was Wednesday, I ran to my checkbook and made out one alimony check with that adorable quotation before I forgot it. Reading on, I discovered many other literary quotations, limericks, jokes, etc. which would amuse my ex-wives and I drew up a list. The next night found me in the library, searching for more gems to add to my growing collection. Let me just mention some that I came up with:

"Wise is the young man who is always thinking of taking a wife, and never takes one."—Pietro Aretino, Italian satirist.

"How much would you charge to haunt a house?" — Arthur Baer, American columnist and short-story writer.

"Here's to woman! Would that we could fall into her arms without falling into her hands." — Ambrose Bierce, American short-story writer and journalist.

"Brigands demand your money or your life; women require both."—Samuel Butler, English novelist and satirist.

"'Home, Sweet Home' must surely have been written by a bachelor."—Samuel Butler

"What a lot of idiots there are among ladies; people have got so used to it that they no longer notice it."—Anton Chekhov, Russian writer of short stories, plays and novels.

"Every woman should marry—and no man."—Benjamin Disraeli, English statesman, novelist, and prime minister.

"The comfortable estate of widowhood is the only hope that keeps up a wife's spirits."—John Gay, English poet and dramatist.

"Women give us solace, but if it were not for women we should never need solace."—Don Herold, American humorous writer and artist.

"A lot of women are getting alimony who don't earn it." — Don Herold.

"Women's intuition is the result of millions of years of not thinking."—Rupert Hughes, American novelist, playwright, and editor.

"She has buried all her female friends; I wish she would make friends with my wife." — Martial, Roman poet and epigrammatist.

"Call no man unhappy until he is married."—Socrates, Greek philosopher.

"Women's styles may change but their designs remain the same."—Oscar Wilde, British wit, poet, and dramatist.

"Divorces are made in heaven."—Oscar Wilde

After several weeks of research I had amassed about one thousand, approximately a four years' supply for my five ex-wives. I then drew up a diversified schedule, week by week, for that four-year period, for each ex-wife, being careful that no quotation would be used twice.

My alimony check writing career had finally reached its zenith—its moment of fulfillment!

And now I have finally arrived at the topic of my lecture: "How to Write More Interesting Alimony Checks."

Rule #1: Variety, diversity, assortment!

Multi-colored checks, inks, envelopes and stamps are all well and good but the essence of mature alimony check writing is wit. And it is so easy! Everywhere one looks one can find clever remarks about love, marriage, alimony and women, enough to afford all interested parties many amusing and entertaining moments. And the possibilities for originality! Endless!

I would like to discuss the results and the advantages of my unique, but simple, system.

(Continued on page 77)

THE CASE OF THE RELUCTANT CHASTITY BELT

Some girls find themselves in the damnedest predicaments

James Wakefield Burke

Carveth Kramer

Either I, or Ann, or both of us, had stolen the infernal contraption. Now the problem was: How to get it back into the museum without being branded as thieves. To face the problem squarely, neither Ann nor I, in the matter of the chastity belt, minded so much being called thieves; but we trembled at the thought of the kind of thieves the authorities might brand us. We had not stolen the thing for profit; we had not been driven to it by hunger or need; nor had we done it for any sort of psychological kick. We had purloined the fiendish iron machine simply because we couldn't help ourselves.

It happened on the eighteenth day of our honeymoon and it marked, by accurate accounting, the sixty-second time Ann and I had made love. Back in Chicago I was a certified public accountant and keeping tabulations came quite naturally with me. But keeping tabs on how many times Ann and I made love went beyond a mere professional interest in numerical exercise.

Until the night of our wedding I confess that both Ann and I were neophites in this vital area of human relationship. Not that there was anything quaint about either of us. Far from it. We had been childhood sweethearts, always in love, sharing such mutual experiences as mumps, measles, chicken pox, adolescent fights, school and proms, and intimate, co-educational Northwestern University. Just about everything except the big experience – sex. That we one day would marry and explore this together was a silently accepted fact between us. And now, the waiting over, sex, we discovered, was the best thing in life. So, to show the proper respect for the best thing in life, I proposed that we keep at least a mental record of the frequency of our lovemaking.

Thus far our honeymoon had been days of Rhineland sightseeing and nights of lovemaking – sixty-two times. But the lovemaking kept interfering with the sightseeing. However thrilling the Rhineland and its castles and cathedrals, our thoughts were mostly of each other. Each day we became more avid for each other, each night sex became more exciting. Neither our zest for it (nor my strength) showed any signs of diminishing. Both seemed to mount and gain impetus with each succeeding day. Morning sessions had been added to our schedule, but even this did not allay our passion sufficiently to see us through the day. We often returned to our hotel for matinees. Sex became to us like cocaine to the addict. A few hours without it and we became disquieted, nervous, irritable. During these spells nothing interested us, everything seemed to go over our heads unheeded. There was but one cure – more sex. Then, lathing ourselves in this restorative balm, we would become calm and relaxed. With our nerves and spirits thus soothed we could once again turn our interest to enjoying the sights of the Rhineland. But then the addiction would overtake us and our whole beings would again become consumed with the wild craving to be in bed together.

So this was how it remained with us on the eighteenth day of our honeymoon. We were standing on the ancient ramparts of Marksburg Castle, an elaborate complex of stone and masonry perched on a pointed rocky eminence high above the little village of Braubach. Far below flowed the silver Rhine. My arm was around Ann's waist as we drank in the beauty of the vast panorama before us.

"It's just like a poet's dream!" Ann said breathlessly.

Indeed, Johann Wolfgang Goethe had once stood on this very spot and called it just that. And now, at this moment, the poet's dream, this valley with its mysteriously changing aspects — now open, now closed, now flowery, now bleak, smiling and frowning in turn — was performing at its best. And through it all coursed the Rhine swift as an arrow, hurrying straight ahead, yet pausing to circle bends and turns, curving mightily, but always rushing straight ahead, impatiently striving to arrive at its destination. Goethe had called it symbolic of the nation of which it is the very bowels; that nation which throughout the centuries has always driven demon-like to its apocalyptic destiny.

Waiting for the guide to assemble the group of tourists for another routine castle tour both Ann and I silently wished that the ordeal was over and we were back in our hotel in each other's arms. We had just finished a wonderful Rhineland lunch of *Sauerbraten* with sauce, topped off with two bottles of *Rheingau-Assmanshoenser v 1937,* and were in the highest of spirits. The rare mellow wine, of soft and delicious smoky flavor, had transformed our brains and transported our spirits, accelerating the familiar craving that had already begun. We thought not of castles and sights, but of each other's warm bodies.

Ann whispered in my ear, "Darling, do we really *have* to tour this castle?"

"You bet we don't!"

But before we could beat a retreat from the rampart, the guide rounded us up with the others and we were swept along through the massive *Tör Weg* of the Marksburg museum.

With absolutely no interest in the guide's spiel, we lingered behind the group. Our senses still tickled by the benevolent fingers of the *Rheingau-Assmanshoenser,* we held hands and giggled as we anticipated the forthcoming night. The guide's tape-recorder voice droned on: ". . . and here, ladies and gentlemen, we have the original armor of the Marksburg. No, they were not undersized men. Suits of armor when assembled and erect simply *seem* small. Here, Sir, step up and stand alongside . . . Now, Sir, *you* seem undersized." The ripple of laughter that ran through the group went unheeded by Ann and me —we honeymooners — far in the rear. ". . . Now here is an interesting relic of the Medieval Age. I'm sure you are all familiar with the function of the chastity belt . . . I need not go into the details. This particular model dates from the period of the Crusades, about ten hundred and seventy . . . "

My ears pricked up. "I've got to see this," I told Ann, pulling her through the crowd.

Lying there in its glass case the thing looked innocent enough. It appeared to be a wide belt forged of light steel and equipped with a sort of V-shaped visor that, hinged along its front, narrowed to pass between the legs and widened again before fastening into the dorsal side of the belt. All in all, it resembled in shape somewhat an athlete's jockey belt, but looked far more formidable. This particular instrument had undoubtedly been the pride and joy of both its creator and the husband who commissioned it. It was embellished in a most interesting and artistic manner. Around the belt portion itself was engraved a series of chase scenes: a young swain in pursuit of a nymphet. The carvings on the visor extending downward from the belt were a classic of the times. They depicted the swain's conquest of the nymphet from the first innocent kiss upon the lips, through various stages of lovemaking, to that most intimate and soul-shaking kiss that seals all kisses. Though blackened with age the entire contraption was a thing of exciting inspiration. Reposing beside the machine, like a repressed human smirk, was the ancient key that unlocked it.

Ann giggled. "I'll bet there were ways and means."

"Yeah?" I was picturing myself a mail-clad Crusader riding off at the head of my vassal army and waving goodbye to the iron-bound Ann standing in the castle window, the key welded to the inside of my iron pants for safekeeping. I grinned.

"What are you grinning about?"

"Grinning, darling?" But my face gave me away.

"Well . . . I'll bet there *were* ways." She hiccoughed.

"I'm afraid, my dear, you underestimate those stout men of that iron age." I looked with unabashed admiration upon man's steel honor guard to his woman's chastity.

"The beasts!"

"Who?"

"Those Crusaders. Going off to war and leaving their women locked up in that . . . that jail! What kind of lockups did they have for husbands? Look, darling, everyone's gone off and left us," she said, noticing that we were all alone now.

"In those days husbands were not accountable. It was a man's world, indeed," I declaimed, waxing philosophical. "But the woman was expected to remain faithful. And when caught otherwise she took it on the chin all alone. Only a fool for a husband blamed the other man. The chastity belt was invented by merciful husbands to safeguard wives from their own weakness."

Ann was looking at me. My words were solemn. I was dead serious. (Or thought I was.) Ann contrived to look at me, now pityingly. *Why, the poor thing really believes what he is saying.* She smiled. It was a sweet, all-giving, all-loving smile, the smile that only an adoring young bride can create for the man to whom she wholly belongs.

"Darling," — she was still smiling at me — "wives are pretty much the same today. They still blame the other woman. They may come to hate a cheating husband. But in their hearts they blame the other woman. Now that we've settled the philosophy behind the chastity belt," she added sweetly, "how about its efficiency?"

"There's one way to find out," I said boldly. "Are you game?"

"Why not?"

I glanced up and down the corridor. Nobody was in sight. I proceeded to pry open the case.

Turning the belt around in our hands we discovered that the fresco was so designed that whenever the wearer twirled around, as a dancer executing a pirouette, for instance, it would give the illusion that the swain and nymphet were actually in motion. A close inspection of these scenes brought grins to our faces, and the sex craving, already rising, made both of us wince visibly.

The visor of the belt was stiff on its rusty hinges and it squeaked mousily as I worked it back and forth. This unit of the belt (the very soul of the thing) was engineered with great forethought as to functionability, if not comfort. In its back side there was little save iron straps designed, of course, with practical indulgence. But in the front, in the iron visor that guarded the *mons venus* there was a narrow slit, so narrow as to prohibit the insertion of even my littlest finger anywhere along its aperture.

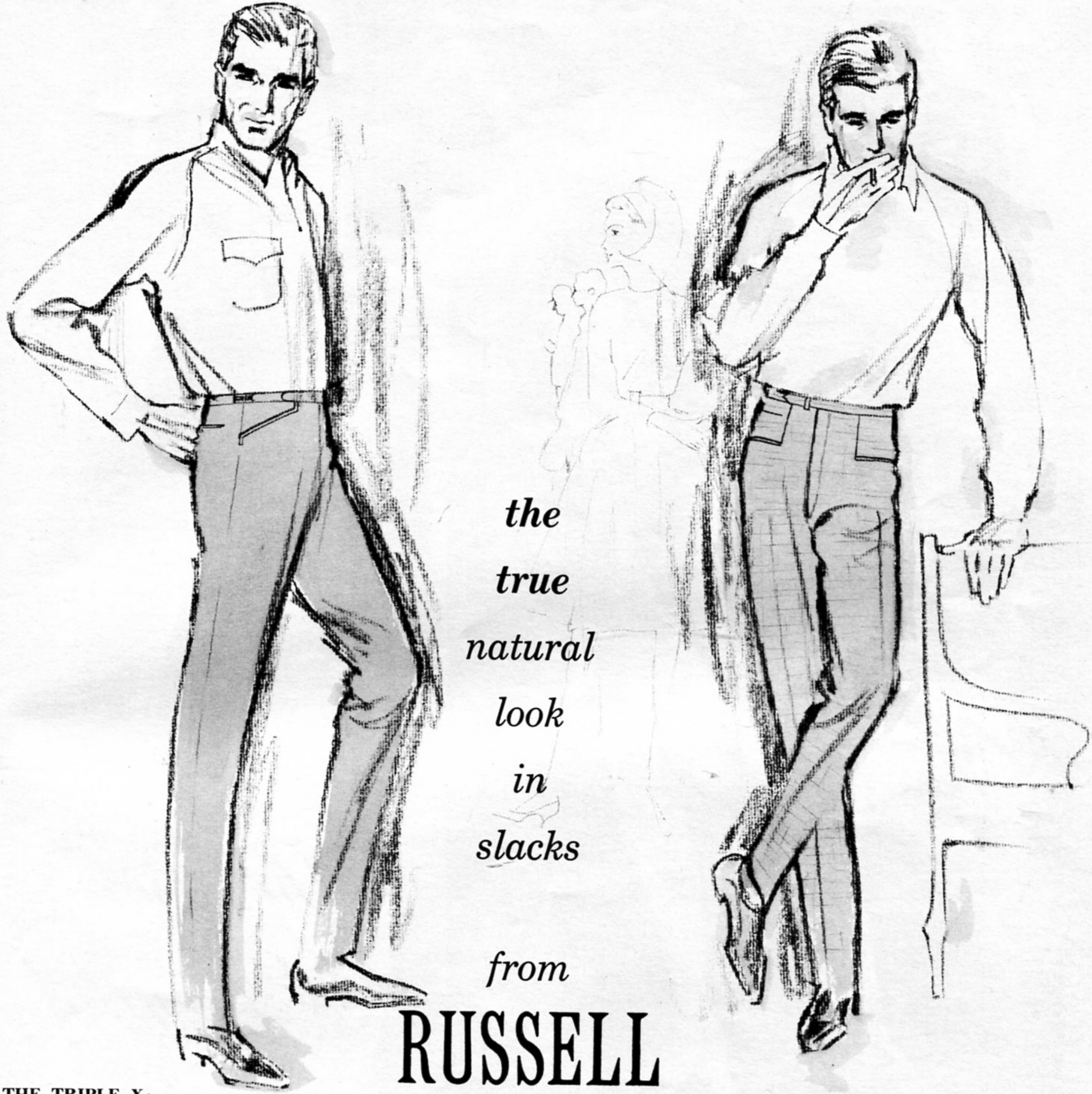
"The beasts!" Ann repeated.

"I'd say it's pretty efficient." She didn't like the way I was admiring the cursed thing.

"Humph!"

She snatched it away and disappeared around the corner. I heard the soft rustle of silk as she stripped away two ounces of civilized panties to bare her lovely flesh to two pounds

(Continued on page 79)



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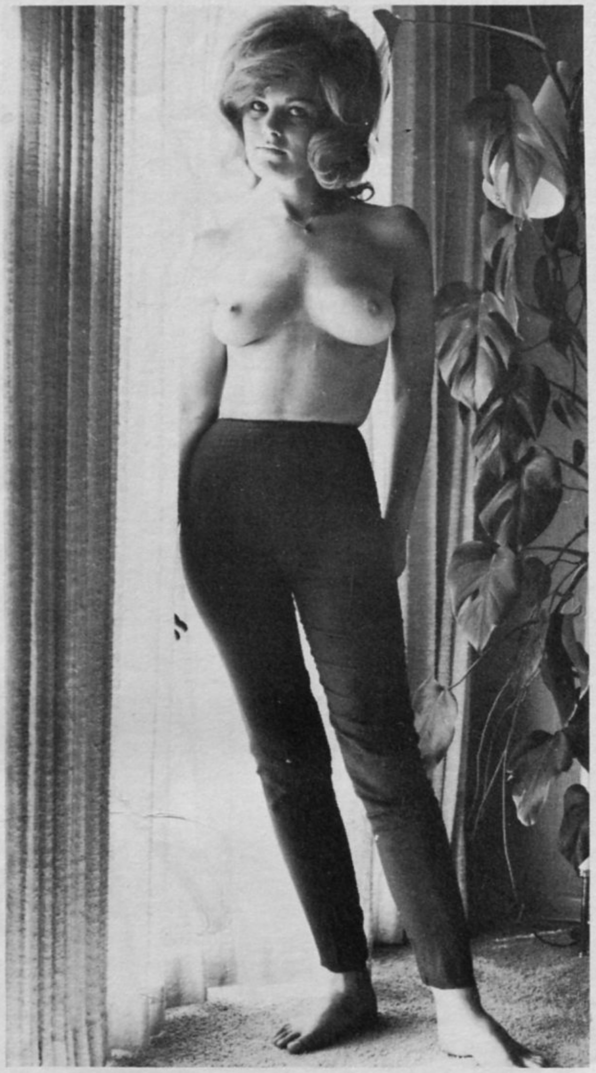

The Best of Everything And Why Not!

The fact that she is a gorgeous redhead with a near-genius I.Q. has everything to do with Peggy Buford's success in Hollywood. Still no star, Peggy is definitely on her way. In the old days of celluloid the road to stardom was paved with naughty intentions on the part of agents, producers, directors and assisting directors. A girl won the usual Miss Applesauce contest. The whole town saw her off at the station; she got a one-way ticket to Hollywood and heaven help her if she didn't come back a star. After the cheers died down, she often found herself working as a car-hop or an usherette. Between bit parts and crowd-scene gigs, she waited for success to knock on her motel door, but all too often it was the landlord knocking for the back rent. Our girl Peggy, a University of Chicago graduate, has read the 100 Great Books as well as a lot of Hollywood novels and wanted no part of the car-hop scene. "I never won a county fair contest in my life," she

says. "I didn't just arrive in Hollywood on a Greyhound bus with one suitcase. I had written some radio jingles at college, and I thought perhaps there was a place for me in Los Angeles television." And, of course, there was. Today, Peggy is one of the most-in-demand commercial writers in

southern California. The work is a snap, the loot is great, there's lots of time left over for the stardom bit. If she had to, Peggy could get along without the finer things of life – swimming pools, sports cars, stereo sets, color TV – but she'd rather not.

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For a translation of this ad, and an opportunity to win a European trip for two aboard a TWA StarStream Jet, write Sero of New Haven, 95 Hamilton Street, New Haven, Connecticut

RUSTLERS ON THE PULLMAN

(Continued from page 10)

manship. His stiletto work was peerless. Blindfolded, he could find your shoulder blades at fifty paces. Since one hint of scandal was enough to kill you with Mike Myles, Will quickly buried any rival. He was as subtle as a Kamikaze pilot, but he stayed on top. Amazingly, Myles never doubted him.

"This is Charlene LaRue," he said, gesturing at the lovely. She oozed forward and gave me a smile that made the soles of my feet perspire. "C'mere baby," Kaiser said impatiently. She obeyed, though something in her face went dead. "Meet the dearest old man Gawd ever made."

She cooed dutifully while Pappy blushed and mumbled. Kaiser beamed, and lighted up a dollar cigar, and fawned on Pappy as if there were a Dun & Bradstreet rating hanging from his beard. I was beginning to feel a little sick. It could have been the smoke, of course.

"You know, I put Pappy on the Myles Show," Kaiser told her. "Mike didn't discover him, *I* did. Holy Gawd, I'd do anything for Pappy."

"It's too bad you weren't here earlier," I said.

Kaiser glanced at me, gnawed his cigar and scowled. "Listen, Pappy," he said pointedly, "why don't you come have a drink in my room? It's across the hall."

He'd rung the right bell, and Pappy began to salivate. Kaiser turned and stalked out, with Pappy at his heels. Charlene brought up the rear. (And may I say right here that there was no one better qualified.) I gave them twenty minutes to invite me, and then teetered forward to the club car. After all, one has one's pride.

I ordered and sat down opposite a hi-fi harpy in a pillbox hat, who was swilling benedictine. I was depressed. On the surface I should have been grateful to Kaiser for borrowing my millstone. But Will Kaiser was no altruist. He was as philanthropic as Rasputin, and I found myself getting uneasy thinking about it.

So much so, in fact, that I bolted the funny fluid and went back to Kaiser's compartment. When I walked in, Kaiser had some movie gear in hand, and was playing Candid Camera, while Charlene maintained a high liquid level in The Beard. Again I had the impression she wasn't radiating joy. But Pappy looked ecstatic.

"Pick up your glass and wink at the camera," said Kaiser Funt. Pappy complied. "Great, baby. Great." He wound the camera and peered at me through his cigar smog. "Well, look who's here." (Will's never stumped for openers.)

"Getting some footage for the show?" I asked. Kaiser did a lot of candid filming for Mike Myles. It was one more way he earned his merit badges.

"Yeah," he said, deigning to address me directly. "I thought I'd send it special delivery from Chicago. Mike'll love it. Pappy's like one of the family on our show, you know." He brushed some ashes off his vest — which was patterned after the wallpaper in a brothel — and snapped his fingers at Charlene. "Holy Gawd, honey," he said, "don't let Pappy die of thirst."

He sure was coming on strong with her. Frankly, I didn't dig it. Charlene was a girl and three-quarters. Kaiser was a yahoo. He had the personal magnetism of a plague-carrier. Yet here she was jumping through hoops for him.

Pappy gave me a sudden, bleary-eyed grin. "My ol' buddy's gonna help me sell m'talkies," he announced.

"Oh . . . ?" I said. My inflection would have done credit to Macbeth, when they told him those woods were moving. I looked at Kaiser. "Oh?" I repeated.

He had the good grace to blush, at least. "Yeah, well . . . " he mumbled, winding furiously at the camera, and spouting mushroom clouds. "I figured a guy like Pappy . . . somebody ought to help him look after his interests. You know . . . a guy like him . . . I mean, as long as I'm doing this job for Mike anyway . . . I might do a little personal favor for Pappy."

"You're a prince, Will," I said slowly. "A goddamn prince. On the side of the angels, that's you. The world doesn't deserve such a man."

My heart had suddenly grown too full, as they say, so I turned and walked out. Like Gromyko. Even the sight of Charlene bending to fill Pappy's glass — and when she bent, she bent — couldn't detain me. Now I really felt sick, and I knew it wasn't the Havana leaf!

To hell with them. To hell with Pappy, to hell with Willy, to hell with Barry . . . to hell with Happy, Grumpy, and Sneezy for that matter. With the world. I went into our compartment and assumed the posture. With Kaiser in, our deal was out, and that was that. Nothing could move me to take an interest now. Nothing.

But an hour later, something did. The motion of a train is hypnotic, and I'd fallen into a deep trance when I was awakened. I sat up fast, trying for a concussion, and nearly made it. But as I sat rubbing my skull I saw Charlene, and realized she was talking about Pappy.

" . . . The train," she said. Something about the train, too.

"Go away honey," I muttered. Then I rubbed my eyes some more. "What am I saying? I must have suffered brain damage! No, please. *Don't* go away . . . "

"Listen to me!" She abused my shoulder. "He can't do that. He'll get in awful trouble. You have to stop him!"

"Do what?" I turned on the light. She really looked upset.

"Hijack the train. Will you listen?"

"Hi-*what?* What, what, what?"

"Hijack the train. For a joke. At least Will thinks it's funny. He's taking movies."

I rolled out like a fireman. "Pappy's trying to hijack the train? What are you talking about? How can you trainjack — hijack a train?"

"Don't ask me. Will got talking about those Cubans and the airplanes, and suddenly Pappy decided he was going to hijack this train. Will didn't even try to stop him."

I disemboweled my luggage. The squirrel rifle was gone. I grabbed my shoes. "Forgive me," I said, pushing past her, "but Will Kaiser should have been machine-gunned in the womb."

"Tell me something new," she said. She looked ready to cry. If I hadn't been pressed I'd have explored the point.

As it turned out, I might as well have stayed in bed, to paraphrase Polly Adler. We missed the massacre. But the evidence was graphic. We traced the old rake's progress car-by-carnage.

Ye club car was a shambles. The Bewcomb Kid had lined the passen-

"Well, that's the end of wine, women and song."

gers up, then cleaned the bar of bottles with one fusillade. The people still huddled against a wall, except for the gorgon in the pillbox, who was crammed up in a baggage rack, protesting volubly. I don't know how she had offended Pappy, but she looked lots better there.

Each coach revealed new outrage. In the smoking areas Pappy had sought out non-smokers, and forced them to conform. Some retired school teachers who'd been playing euchre in the first now struggled feebly with a trio of Kaiser's cigars. It wasn't a pretty sight.

At one point, according to witnesses, Pappy had attempted to shoot buffalo from a window. He'd been badly thwarted by the lack of buffalo, but some Erie cows got shaken up, and a billboard sketch of Smoky the Bear will never be the same.

In the cab of the locomotive Pappy had, predictably, come a cropper. He had been disarmed by two Neanderthal engineers, but not before he'd tried to commandeer the train and change course for New Orleans.

" . . . New Orleans?" I said.

"Yeah," said one vigilante. "For the Mardy Graz. Guy's as nutty as a fruitcake."

"Them kind is the most dangerous," scowled the other. "Did you see that howitzer?"

I did my best. "Come on," I said. "He really isn't dangerous. An old guy with a snoot full, that's all. No panic." (I talk vividly to engineers.) "I'll keep an eye on him for the rest of the —"

"You ain't gonna *have* to, buddy," said Casey Jones. "He's locked in the baggage car. And I already radioed the Chicago cops."

I begged, harangued, suborned, whimpered. I also lost. Nothing would budge them. This time Geronimo had crowded his luck.

I took Charlene to her compartment, and swayed back to the baggage car, hoping I could slip in for visiting hours. My mission had been a wide screen screw-up, but I might as well make the gesture.

Once again, Mr. Sunshine was ahead of me. The door had been unlocked. I remembered, when I stepped in and saw him, that Will Kaiser collected master keys. It was a characteristic hobby.

Pappy Bewcomb was swaddled to the neck in canvas mail bag, which was padlocked. Only a sunburst of dirty beard was visible at the top, and a face the color of sloe gin. Kaiser, his cigar at a jaunty angle, stood calmly to one side, taking movies.

"Turn me loose!" screamed Pappy. He improvised freely on a progenitive theme.

"Take it easy," said Iago, squinting through the sight. "Holy Gawd, what a picture. You look like a turtle with a hormone condition. Haw!" He brayed delightedly.

"I'll bet Goodman Ace wishes he'd said that," I said. I inspected the bag. "Would any of your keys open this lock?"

"No point in that," Kaiser said, avoiding my eye. "He'd just make more trouble."

Our Hero gave utterance to several expletives of his own coinage. I glanced at Kaiser. "Looks as if the honeymoon is over, Will," I said.

Will puffed contentedly on his El Stinko. "Not really," he said. "Pappy's getting off at Chicago. We won't need him on the Coast." He took some papers from his pocket and riffled them. "Pappy's empowered me to act for him in peddling his flickers. It's signed — in triplicate."

"You —, —, —, —!" screeched Pappy, and I admired his use of repetition. Kaiser just went on reeling and dealing.

"I need some more film," he said.

'I want to get a good shot of this." He turned to me, a study in smug. "Get some from my room, will you kid? If we're going to be negotiating, it wouldn't hurt you to get on my good side."

There are moments when sheer frustration numbs your mind. I turned without a word and went to Kaiser's compartment. I'd had it. I was brain-whipped.

The spare film was on the shelf. Right next to it was the carton, labeled, stamped, and ready for mailing to Mike Myles. It said "Will Kaiser: Vacation." Scattered about were a number of other, apparently unrelated cans of film.

I would never have touched them, but the name on one caught my eye. It said "Charlene." Vaguely curious, I opened it. And looked. And looked!

It was hard to get the full effect, just holding a strip up to the light, but it was certainly Charlene. And she'd never looked lovelier. Every freckle was delightful, and I mean every! Kaiser was a meticulous cameraman.

I opened the others with difficulty, because my fingers were perspiring. Together, those films could have been a documentary on the leisure hours of King Farouk. There was one redhead who . . . well, they just don't make movies like that any more. Not in this country, anyhow.

Apart from the initial shock, though, I couldn't feel surprised. This merely completed my picture of Will Kaiser; an image of consummate loveliness. Knife artist, double-crosser, merchant of lewd movies, blackmailer . . . blackmailer! Of course. That explained Charlene. How else? A "screen test" leading to an unbreakable contract. Winsome Willy strikes again.

Now, I'm so docile it's embarrassing. Wally Cox is Sonny Liston by comparison. I take longer to boil, normally, than a watched pot. But in that moment my throat filled with blood and smoke curled from my nose. I had reached critical mass.

I also had a plan. Or part of one. And it was developing like ten-second film. The new eastern law man, *sans* white horse, was going to the rescue of the girl and the Lovable Old Sidekick. And the owlhoot better head for the border!

I took Kaiser's blank film and went to my compartment. There, I picked up Pappy's jug and my glue. From my travelling bag, I armed myself with a razor. And like the U. S. Cavalry, I charged the baggage car.

"There you go, Will," I said, handing him the film. I set down my other items unobtrusively, and made a quick search of the car. I found Pappy's blunderbuss while Kaiser was rewinding. In a trice I had the muzzle in his vest.

"Holy Gawd," he protested. "Don't point that thing." Then he took a good look at my face. "W-what's the idea?"

"The jug, Willy," I said, nodding at it. "Pick it up and make like Jackie Gleason. Now!"

"Are you nuts?" he said. I jerked the stock against my shoulder and aimed. "O.K.," he said. "O.K." He seized the jug, uncorked it, and drank deep.

A man like Kaiser has to have steel innards, just to face the mirror every morning. But Pappy's homebrew staggered him. He looked like a test pilot in a wind chamber. I made him keep swigging. After three gulps his eyes began to stream and his forehead beaded. When the jug was half empty, he could no longer stand straight.

"Holy . . . Gawd . . . " he gasped. The jug slid from his fingers. I caught it and set it down. Then I stepped in close, spun the rifle around, and let him have the butt, square on the button. He went down like a nurse I used to know in Cleveland.

"Yeee-AAAGH-HOO!" howled Pappy gleefully. "Scalp 'em, Sitting Bull!"

"I'm two days' ride ahead of you, Red Feather." I said grimly. I picked up the jug. "The rest is yours." It took no coercion. I propped the jug on the edge of the sack, with the neck in his mouth. Pappy had a tougher viscera than Kaiser, but it was seething with the ferment of many hours, and that half jug was the *coupe de grâce*. After five minutes he lay back and closed his eyes.

The rest was simple recreation. I broke out the razor and plied it smartly. Pappy got a clean shave and Kaiser got a tonsure any monk would envy. Then I raked up the accumulated hair, lathered Kaiser's face with glue, and thatched him.

I went through his pockets, annexing Pappy's power of attorney and Will's key ring for my knick-knack shelf. Sure enough, one key unlocked the mail sack. I locked it again, as soon as I'd switched occupants. Then I hauled Pappy by the armpits into Kaiser's compartment and put him to bed, first relocking the baggage car.

We were almost in Chicago by then, so I had to hurry. I had some mail I wanted to get off to Mike Myles. The reels I selected for "Will Kaiser: Vacation" may not have been standard TV fare, but I had a feeling they'd attract viewers. And I was glad to package them and send them on their way, keeping only Charlene's.

Our stopover in Chicago was brief and uneventful. There was some sort of commotion in the baggage car, but it was short-lived and I had no time to investigate. Having locked Pappy securely in Kaiser's room, I was making a call on a lady.

I had a present for her. Some old film. It wasn't much, but it had a sentimental value. And she was grateful to get it — as grateful as a girl like that can be.

Which is pretty grateful.

HOW NOT TO CHOOSE A MISTRESS

(Continued from page 53)

the city.

Like I have said, this girl was terrific. But, the last train from Scarsdale was a drag. I had always admired the virility of Casanova, but, remembering what he had written, I had to admit that he had one thing I didn't have. He had the energy to travel those long distances between assignments and still had strength enough left to come out on top.

I finally reached the dead end when I missed the last train one night, had to stay in a motel, and take the first train to the city the next morning with the Wall Street stenographers.

I had an actor friend call her on the phone, pretend to be her husband, and tell her that he knew everything that was going on. I have never seen her since.

She was also too much of a good thing!

So, you ask, what's the answer? If you have to turn down tricks and teats that come for free quicker than a kid's basket gets filled up on Hallowe'en, what are you going to do?

And, here's my answer!

Pay them!

With the type of broad you like, offering cash would, of course, be a breach of etiquette. But, there's nothing that says that, after a few nights of enjoyment, you cannot turn your keys in gracefully.

Like, you could mail them to her in an envelope together with a couple of tickets to a Broadway show — face value $19.80 — which she could sell for the same $80 you paid for them. Or, send her a dime-thin Swiss watch convertible into easy cash. Or, if your taste and wallet are good enough, send her a painting along with a catalogue describing it and what it's worth.

The point is, pay for value received and run for your life.

There is, of course, only one sensible thing to do. Pick the girl out, put her in an apartment for which you pay the rent and expenses, and let her know you're the boss. When you're tired of her, stop paying the rent and expenses!

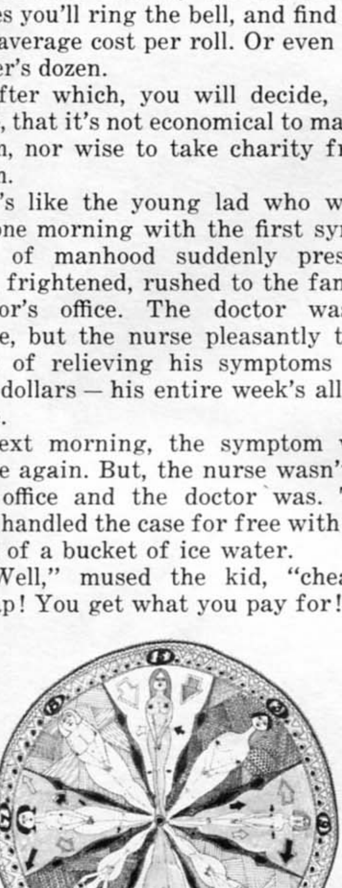
You may also marry the girl. Figure you'll be married forty years and add up what that will cost you. Divide that total by the number of times you'll ring the bell, and find out the average cost per roll. Or even per baker's dozen.

After which, you will decide, I'm sure, that it's not economical to marry them, nor wise to take charity from them.

It's like the young lad who woke up one morning with the first symptom of manhood suddenly present and, frightened, rushed to the family doctor's office. The doctor wasn't there, but the nurse pleasantly took care of relieving his symptoms for two dollars — his entire week's allowance.

Next morning, the symptom was there again. But, the nurse wasn't in the office and the doctor was. The Doc handled the case for free with the help of a bucket of ice water.

"Well," mused the kid, "cheap's cheap! You get what you pay for!"



HOW TO WRITE MORE INTERESTING ALIMONY CHECKS

(*Continued from page* 61)

The chief advantage to me was the enjoyment I derived from researching the project and writing the weekly checks, realizing all the time that I was bringing happiness into the lives of many people, for not only did I bring a little sunshine into the dreary lives of my ex-wives, but I amused the following people: the parents of my wives (my lovely in-laws-all ten of them!), the people to whom the checks were given for cashing (they began to look forward to my weekly communications), the check clearing house personnel, my banks' personnel, my ex-wives' boy friends, my accountant (who does my bank reconciliations and examines each check), various lawyers, jurors, judges and court spectators. I felt that I was spreading joy.

My first wife enjoyed the sayings so much that she never cashed the checks but pasted them in an album. The judge was very impressed with the collection and asked that some be read into the court record.

Culturally, the benefits were substantial. My research work led to a healthy curiosity and a resulting education in great works of literature. My second wife later told that my checks rekindled her interest in reading and provoked her to enroll in evening literature courses from which she derived great satisfaction.

And lastly, a new career was opened to me. Several of my works on the subject have been published and my lectures have been in great demand recently and have been warmly received by mens' clubs throughout the country.

This is not meant to imply that this will lead to a successful writing career for all alimony payers but I do declare that even if this is not so, the educational benefits are tangible.

Rule #2: Be certain to use different quotations for each wife. I say this because in my particular case my ex-wives got together and organized a club. They meet once a month and exchange notes. Never using the same quote twice keeps the old girls on their toes and causes each one to be jealous of the others.

Rule #3: Use translucent envelopes.

Again, accident played a prominent part in my alimony check writing career. One time I forgot to seal an envelope and the check fell out as the mailman was delivering it. He couldn't help but read it and he was so impressed by it that he disclosed the contents to other people in the neighborhood. When I heard of this incident, I immediately made the switch to translucent envelopes so that I could add mailmen to the list of those who are entertained by the checks, as they read them and act accordingly.

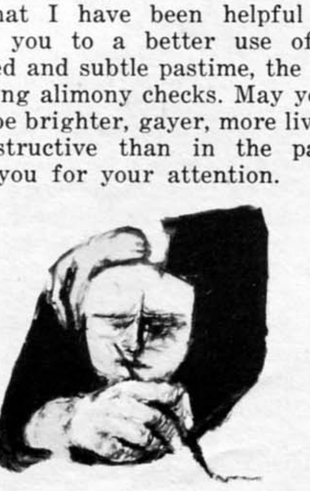
Rule #4: The quotations, paraphrases, limericks, original sayings, poems, etc. should be short and witty and preferably by well-known, wise men to add prestige.

In all fairness, I must admit that there are certain disadvantages attendant upon my system. For one, I constantly receive complaints from my banks that their employees are being distracted from their work by my checks. They spend far more time than they should with my account—copying my sayings, and showing them to other employees.

Secondly, it is unfortunate that my little hobby, if widely accepted, would lead to a higher divorce rate because it would encourage men to divorce their wives in an attempt to satisfy their literary bent.

And thirdly, as enjoyable and diverting as the hobby is, it must be admitted that it is time-consuming—books must be read, libraries checked, notes taken and analyzed. These are all factors that must be taken into consideration in evaluating my system, although I still stand up for its efficacy in the long run.

And so, kind listeners, I thank you for your indulgence and sincerely hope that I have been helpful in leading you to a better use of a neglected and subtle pastime, the art of writing alimony checks. May your checks be brighter, gayer, more lively and instructive than in the past. Thank you for your attention.



A GUIDE TO THE B CULT

(*Continued from page* 60)

Brando since he stopped tearing his T-shirts and Bardot since she stopped referring to her lovers as "my studs." Actually, Brando was somewhat edged to one side by the late James Dean, but there is still a large corps of slightly older hipsters who will never get over Stanley Kowalski and *The Wild One*. Nowadays, Brando has given up the Negroes for the Indians, a clever and certainly novel set of moves. He has taken to expensive suits and bad movies like that famous duck to water, but his true believers are not altogether dismayed. To them, he is for some secret reason temporarily playing it cool, fooling the squares until he ventures forth again as the "new" Stanley Kowalski. Once very big in New York as a B Cult high priest, Brando now finds his most loyal followers in Hollywood, the large industrial cities of Great Britain, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Hamburg and Munich. Of the European Brando-ites, the West Germans like him best of all, especially in *The Wild One,* the film in which he wears a black leather jacket and SS boots.

William Burroughs is probably the most obscure of all the B Cult *gurus*. Most famous for his pornographic novel *The Naked Lunch,* Burroughs lives much of the time in a small Paris hotel. Burroughs is the holy man of the drug addict set. He pursues unusual drug experiences as Ponce de Leon is said to have sought the Fountain of Youth. Burroughs is said to look like a ghost; perhaps he is.

Right now the hottest B Cult hero is that angriest of angry men, James Baldwin. His B Cult Chapter is the biggest of all. To his followers he can do no wrong. When he speaks, it is the voice of irritated reason shouting to a world that is only mildly interested. Baldwin is one of the top B Cult gods, but he is much more than that. He is a one-man crusade for many things: civil rights is just one of them, and once that battle is won Baldwin's position within the B Cult is certain to undergo a considerable change. When this happens he will attract a more selective group of followers. Perhaps 1984 will find him leading another sort of crusade. Angry men stay angry for a long time, and it can only be a matter of time before his rage will crave a new target. Baldwin is no W.E.B DuBois. His feelings are intense but whether anyone can stay intense for a whole lifetime remains to be seen. The past year has seen James Baldwin change from an angry, reasonable man to an angrier and sometimes unreasonable man. Oddly enough, Baldwin's most loyal B Cult followers are not Negroes but white liberals. The Negroes are proud of Baldwin, but many of them find him a source of irritation. Some wonder where he was in the days when angry young Negroes were not the fashion. But he's here now and very likely to remain for a long time to come. One might say he is king of the Bs.

Some people will be annoyed at us for leaving out Richard Burton. As the Welsh Marlon Brando, he certainly deserves honorable mention, but he never really caught on with the B Cultists, and so he cannot be said to qualify. Anyway, how many Bs can you have in a hive.

THE CASE OF THE RELUCTANT CHASITY BELT

(Continued from page 64)

of iron-age pants. I smiled, but not without my passion stirring acutely at the vision of Ann stepping out of her panties. I heard her fumbling with the stiff machine, heard its hinges squeak, heard the rusty click of the lock as the bolts were shot. In a few moments she appeared with a sheepish grin on her face.

"You win, darling. The darn thing's fool proof. I thought it could be pushed aside, like a girdle. But it's impossible. We'd better put it back before somebody comes."

I handed her the key, and she again disappeared around the corner. I heard the grate of iron on iron, heard her struggling with the thing. "Darling, come here. I can't get it unlocked."

"I guess you aren't much of an engineer," I said, gathering her dress out of the way.

I tried the key in the lock, carefully, firmly. No luck. I jiggled it, twisted it. I took it out, spat on it, reinserted it, twisted it some more. The lock just would not give. "A good engineer never forces anything," I mumbled angrily. "But I'll be damned if I don't force this goddamned thing!"

I struggled with fierceness and determination. I pounded, jiggled and pulled until Ann begged me to take it easy. "But darling! Do you realize what this spiteful machine is doing to us? It's *got* to come off!"

I worked and swore. Ann winced and squirmed. The chastity belt remained reluctant. I heard noises, the rumbling of voices. Another group of sightseers were approaching.

"We'd better get out of here," I said.

Ann snatched her panties from the floor. I took her by the hand and we dashed down a back stairway.

During the ride back to the village Ann sat in iron-stiff embarrassment. I brooded low in my seat, my mental calculating machine balancing non-bliss hours against bliss hours. The results were depressing.

When we got to the hotel it was dark. We went straightaway to our room and labored again — man and woman against the iron age. Finally, in weary defeat we gave up. Ann lay across the bed and sobbed. I picked up the phone and ordered a bottle of scotch.

"Anyway," Ann sighed, "I can still take a bath."

I lay on the bed turning the glass in my fingers, calculating the hours, down to the minutes, until we would be back on sex schedule. I heard the water gushing into the bathtub, and over this the click and rattle of the usual litter of emancipated womanhood at toilet. I heard Ann turn off the spigot, heard her run her hand in the water, testing its temperature, heard her climb into the tub, heard her moving about in the water, heard the scrape of the iron belt against the porcelain. I heard her climb out of the water; and then there was a time of quietness in the bathroom. I lay there wondering if there was to be found a lady locksmith in the village. And I conjured up in my drowsy mind ways and means of getting the chastity belt once again into the museum without being caught as its purloiner. I decided the best course of action, although perhaps not the most noble and conscience-cleansing one, would be to package it and simply mail it back to the custodian of the castle. That is, when we finally found a way to spring Ann from its staunch and determined iron guard duty. There would be no accompanying note, no explanation. The custodian of the museum would be happy, we'd be rid of the hellish thing; and (if the German minister of *Kultur* and *Schlosse* ever read this) all would be forgotten — and forgiven.

I was awakened from my Scotch-induced reverie by the sudden and enthusiastic flinging open of the bathroom door. There stood Ann, her lovely naked body gleaming in the semi-darkness of the room. In her hand was the chasitity belt. She tossed the infernal iron contraption in my direction and it clattered sarcastically to the floor. I sprang up instantly, excited beyond words.

"Darling, how in the world did you ever manage it!" It wasn't a question. I didn't really care how she got the thing off. I was elated, transported, exhalted that she had freed herself from the detested thing.

She held up something between her fingers. I couldn't make it out. "Woman's proverbial all-purpose tool," she said, smiling triumphantly.

"The indispensable hairpin!"

I leaped forward, kissed my bride. And my mental calculating machine cleared its board and got set to thunder.

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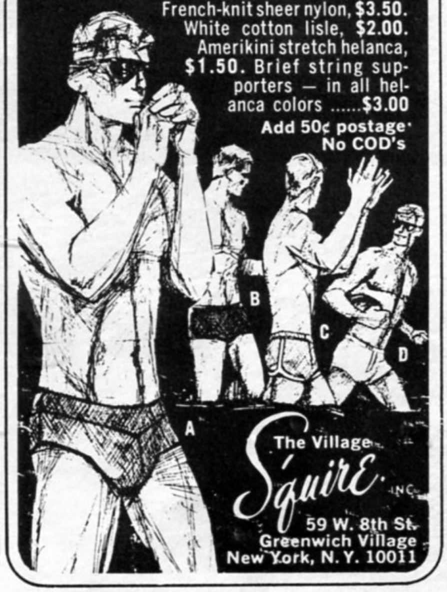

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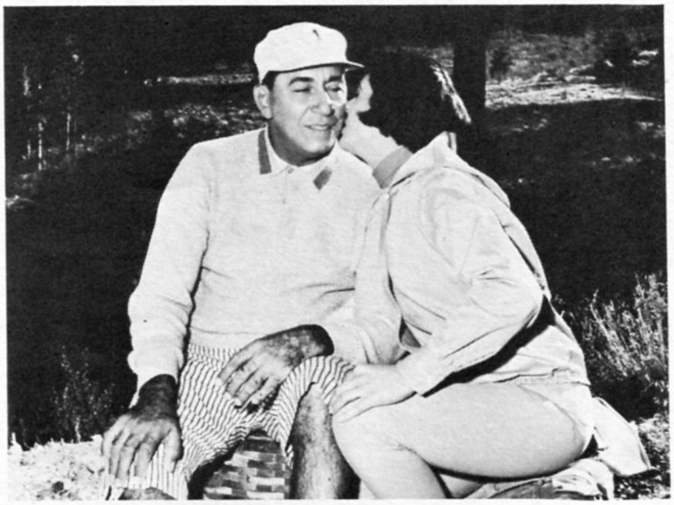

"I think maybe you'd look better in long pants."

"Clear the livingroom — I'm coming in for a landing."

"Yes, Mr. Brinkley, I suppose you could say we're typical Goldwater supporters."

"What did you say your name was, honey?"

"As somebody once said—'To be or not to be . . . ?'"

"You gotta start sometime — so why not with me?"

"Stay off the merry-go-round and that's final!"

"Don't be ridiculous — sixty-seven isn't old."

"Yeah, and there's a girl in the penthouse you oughta see."

"First he asked why she didn't brush after every meal, then he raped her."

"And to think he once had tired blood."

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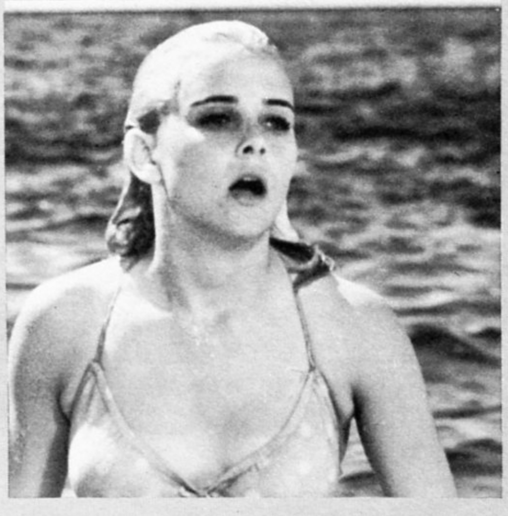

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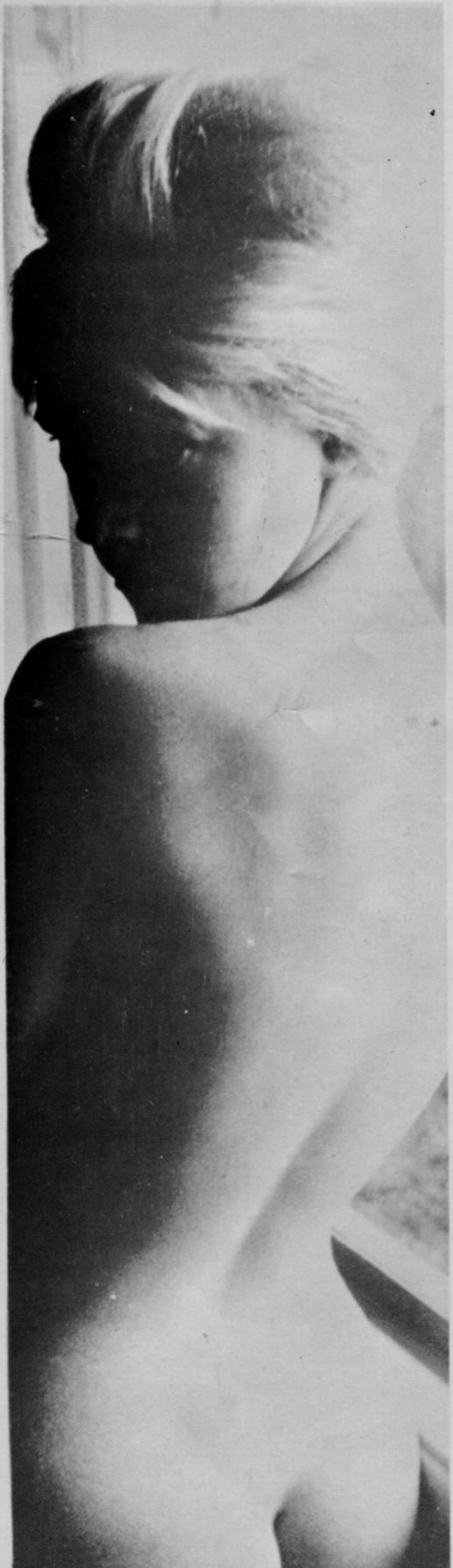

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